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THE

DOMINICAN;

A ROMANCE:

OF WHICH

THE PRINCIPAL TRAITS

ARE TAKEN FROM EVENTS RELATING TO

A FAMILY OF DISTINCTION,

WHICH EMIGRATED FROM FRANCE DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY CAPTAIN T. WILLIAMSON,

AUTHOR OF THE WILD SPORTS OF THE EAST.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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DEDICATION

TO

HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY,

LOUIS XVIII.

KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE.

ROYAL SIR,

At a time when, not only the rights of individuals, but the ancient claims of Kings and Princes, are no longer regarded; when usurpation has destroyed the balance of Justice, and uses her sword only, it may not be unacceptable to your Majesty *to peruse these volumes; which, though partly fictitious,*

owe their origin to incidents attendant upon the emigration of a noble family; at a time when the intrigues of faction lighted that spark, which popular fury kindled into flame, for the desolation of its own country, and for the annihilation of whatever had, till then, been held sacred.

I trust your MAJESTY *will, in the characters delineated, recognize some traits, which may give the assurance, that, however subdued, in regard to exterior demonstration, there yet remain many who, while they deplore the unhappy fate of your Royal Predecessor, cease not to cherish the hope of once more beholding their legitimate King, governing an affectionate people, flocking around to hail his restoration, and to support his throne.*

This Dedication is totally exempt from every mercenary motive: it is not offered as an Eulogium on your MAJESTY'S *virtues, but because I really know not to whom I could, with so much propriety, inscribe my labours. Deign then,* ROYAL SIR, *to allow my Volumes a place in your Cabinet, and to accept my fervent prayers for the completion of those objects your* MAJESTY *must have most at heart.*

I have the honour to be,

with profound respect,

ROYAL SIR,

Your MAJESTY'S *most devoted,*

and humble Servant,

THOMAS WILLIAMSON.

London,
February 5th, 18.

PREFACE.

THE frequent recital of anecdotes related to the Author, by a friend who was in France during the early part of the Revolution, caused many of his acquaintances to express their wishes, that such interesting circumstances should, in some form or other, be submitted to the Public. Some suggested a dramatic piece; others, a mere narrative. The former might never be ushered to the Public; while the latter might not interest it. The subject was therefore

blended with other matter; and is now offered, with deference, to the protection of the liberal; who will duly appreciate the arduous task of *pleasing all*, and make some allowance, for that deviation the Author has assumed from the path in which he has hitherto trod.

Conscious that no work should issue from the press, displaying either an ignorance of, or inattention to, the essentials of Literature, the Author will not attempt a defence of such inaccuracies as may be found in his volumes: he trusts, however, that the total absence of whatever might offend the most scrupulous moralist, or tend

to the corruption of youth, will be some atonement for literary imperfection; and allow his Work to find an asylum on the shelves of all, who, regardless of unprincipled criticism, may aim at the support of those principles of loyalty, and of virtue, which are not sparingly strewed throughout the following pages.

THE

DOMINICAN.

"THANK Heaven!" said the Count, as the carriage drove from the inn at Seisel, "we are now about to quit this distracted country: this celebrated river, the Rhone, now before us, at present, limits that horrid scene of madness, which has so fatally despoiled this most delightful country."

"And yet, my dear," answered the Countess, "before many weeks are passed, we may wish we had never quitted it."

"That may be true," said the Count, with a sigh: "our native land too frequently occasions an indiscriminate attach-

ment, which sometimes leads us to prefer that misery within its bosom, we should, as mere spectators, condemn others for submitting to.—But we are now come to the boundary of France; the country before us belongs to the King of Sardinia. True, it is not so flourishing as the rich plains of Le Puy; but I trust the remains of my property will afford us something more than the necessaries of life."

"But, my dear husband," resumed the Countess, "you have not yet distinctly communicated your plan. That we have left our chateau, I know; but where we are to settle, or how you mean to act, your hurry and anxiety have precluded you from disclosing."

"You have really, my love," answered the Count, "put me to some trouble, by such questions; for as yet I have not made up my mind as to the exact plan I should pursue. All I know is, that since it became necessary to efface the arms from

my carriage, and to annihilate every indication of the noble ancestry from whom I received my title; and while the popular rage for equality overrules the dictates of sense and justice, I think it more prudent to seek an asylum in some peaceable state, than to remain among those, who, considering me as an aristocrat, might perhaps be urged, by their blind zeal, to sacrifice not only our property, but our lives. Therefore, instead of travelling as Count de St. Hilaire, I have assumed the plain name of Monsieur Le Brun; our faithful African, Avril, is gone before to prepare us accommodations at Geneva, which we shall reach to-night: being then more secure, and consequently more easy in mind, we may be able to concert measures for a permanent settlement."

"And pray is Ambrose acquainted with your change of name?"

"Certainly," replied the Count; "but I have many doubts as to his being able to

keep the secret. His simplicity and incorruptible honesty were my inducements for taking him as our postilion, in preference to any of the more enlightened of our domestics. Men so perfectly inflated, as they are generally become, with sentiments of equality, are not to be trusted."

At this moment they arrived at a division in the road; the one branch leading to Anneci, the other to Geneva. As Ambrose had not received his instructions, he stopped to enquire of his master which way he was to proceed. The Count paused:—he had a friend at the former place he wished to see; but recollecting that secrecy was a main object, he gave a sigh, as he looked dowh the lane which turned to the southward, and faintly telling Ambrose to carry him to Geneva, with a tear stealing down his cheek, threw himself back in the vehicle, and for some time remained in silent emotion.

The carriage drove on but slowly; the

road being rough, and the face of the country extremely undulated. The route the Count had chosen was little frequented, and was chosen on account of its being so. He might have come by Lyons, but had preferred the route of Vienne and Belley, where he was less subject to be recognised: a circumstance of great moment, from his having received passports in his assumed name.

The Countess was of a thoughtful, sedate disposition: she said little, but her remarks were generally very pointed, and displayed a strong mind. She was most tenderly attached to her husband; who, in return, gave her every proof of the most sincere regard. But she had married him rather against her will; her affections having been previously engaged in behalf of a young gentleman of the most agreeable temper, perfectly accomplished, and in every respect fully entitled to her hand. He adored her; and had in vain used

every endeavour to obtain her in marriage. Hearing that she had yielded to her parents' injunctions to marry the Count, he quitted France and had not from that time been heard of.

The absence of the Chevalier de Meuron, which was the name of her lover, was of the greatest service in reconciling her to the amiable nobleman to whom she had been united at the altar: her mind was at first agitated, but reflection soon chased away those thoughts which clouded her happiness; and by degrees the most perfect serenity followed, and taught her to appreciate the merits of her indulgent husband.

They had been married about nine years, when the revolution caused the Count to dispose of his estates in Languedoc, and to retire to some tranquil country, before the barbarities he anticipated, as inevitably attendant on so immense a reverse, might extend themselves

towards all who appertained to the noblesse.

"My dear, I think you would do well to write to my brother St. Julien at Vienna." —The Count made no reply—"Possibly he may be about to fulfil his promise of passing a few weeks at Le Puy, and would be extremely offended if he were to arrive there after your departure."

"No," answered the Count, recollecting himself sufficiently to consider the implied question of his lady: "St. Julien knows too well the state of France, to think of visiting us at this time. I shall, however, write to him, because it is necessary that he should be my agent at Vienna, and receive the amount of the bills payable to me there: I shall send him some to get accepted, when we reach Geneva."

The heat of the day obliged the Count to remain for some hours under a tree, near a little auberge on the banks of a rivulet, which, after many meanders through

the vallies of Chaumont, emptied itself into the Arve. The difference in respect to the dress of the inhabitants, and their peculiar features, could not fail to attract the eyes of both the Count and his lady. The troops of little children every where amusing themselves in dancing to the flageolet and to the tabor, brought a smile on their countenances; and beguiling the dilatory hours, served to restore them to that chearfulness from which they had been so long estranged.

"How health glows on their cheeks," said the Countess:—"Yes," observed the Count, "it comes warm from their hearts:—as yet they are not revolutionised; but I fear the mania will spread so far as to include even these innocents among the catalogue of patriotic assassins."

The Count again sunk into a reverie, in which he continued until a poor old man, in a tattered regimental, put the remains of a hat bearing a cockade of a

lily white pureness, up to the window of the coach—" *Pour l'amour de Dieu; pour l'amour de Louis.*" The name vibrated forcibly in the Count's ear; he started from his reclined position, and seeing the veteran had lost an arm, asked how it had happened?

It had been taken off by a sabre of an English sailor, who had boarded the ship in which the veteran served as a marine in the fleet commanded by De Grasse: it had been lost in defence of an officer, who was captain of the company!

" How do you subsist?" said the Count.

" I was pensioned, but the revolution has lost me that support."

A sympathetic sensation crept through the whole circulation of the Count; he felt the soldier's case to be allied in some measure to his own. He endeavoured to suppress it; but his heart swelled with sensibility, and it was in vain to resist its dictates: he put his hand into his pocket.

and was about to present the old soldier with a crown piece, when the Countess whispered, that "possibly there might be some imposition."

"You are right, my dear."—"Pray, my good man, where is your certificate?"

"*Oh! le voici!*" answered the cripple, with alacrity, his countenance strongly marked with conscious integrity, yet tinged with a certain flush of pride, to think that his veracity should be questioned.

Unfolding a remnant of parchment, which appeared to have formerly appertained to the drum that was wont to summon him to quarters, he drew out a slip of paper, which, owing to the joint operations of time, frequent exhibition, and bad quarters, not forgetting many a penetrating shower, had, like its possessor, little to boast, as to condition and appearance.

With his remaining hand he tendered the document to the Count, at the same

time respectfully pressing the hat under the stump of his other arm.

The Countess placing one hand on the Count's shoulder, and with the other holding out that corner of the paper, which was next to her, they read as follows:—

"This certifies that the bearer, Philip "Armand, private soldier in the seventh "company of the regiment of Saxe, served "for eighteen years in that corps, with "honour, and while defending the ship in "which he acted as marine, under the "command of the Compte de Grasse, "lost his left arm. This certificate is "given to the said Philip Armand under "circumstances of peculiar esteem and "gratitude, he having received the wound "which disqualifies him for further ser-"vice, in defending the person of

"FREDERICK ST. HILAIRE,
"Captain of 7th Company."

"10*th December*, 1782."

So soon as the Count had read the name subscribed to the paper, which was in a different hand-writing from the rest, he recognised the signature of his younger brother, who had also been wounded by a musket shot in that engagement. An emotion widely different from that which had before possessed him, now shewed itself in every act. The crown piece, which had been intended as the gift of compassion, now seemed but a marvedi; and in the moment of grateful kindness, the most liberal sentiments occupied the Count's mind. He was on the point of discovering himself to the object of his generous intentions, when a well-timed hint from the Countess gave him to understand that he might disclose more than was prudent.

He was for a moment embarrassed; but, as genuine humanity, and integrity of principle, rarely fail to devise means for the accomplishment of their purpose, he determined to take the old soldier with him,

and to render the rest of his life comfortable.

"You shall go with me."

"Impossible!" said the cripple.

"You shall see to the contrary," said the Count, taking out a pencil, and tearing a slip from the envelope of a letter; then writing his feigned name, and giving it to the veteran, he directed him to go forward to Geneva, and to enquire for Monsieur Le Brun at the post-office.

"But, Sir," said the soldier, "I am old, and cannot get there to night."

The Count called the inn-keeper, and directed him to furnish a horse:—it was not to be had. A mule?—No. The Count paused; he looked at the Countess, seeming to say, "Tell me how to overcome this difficulty?"

She did not hesitate; but taking into her lap a bandbox which lay on the opposite seat, pointed to the vacant spot.

The Count's eyes sparkled with satis-

faction: he felt the full force of the hint, and seizing her hand, pressed it to his lips.

Matters were soon arranged, and the old soldier having stepped home for a little knapsack, which contained his scanty property, returned to the door of the coach. The Count beckoned to Ambrose to open it; Ambrose held his arm in a position to support his master; who he thought was about to alight.

The Count called for the landlord, paid for the refreshments, and causing the soldier to enter the vehicle, gave the whole province subject for a month's talk.

As for Ambrose, he obeyed, when his master ordered him to shut the door and to mount; but, so soon as out of the Count's sight, he gave three or four significant nods of his head, and shrugging up his shoulders, concluded his soliloquy with "*C'est bien drole.*"

Philip was not one of those who

either are burthened with too much diffidence, or who pretend to feel themselves unworthy of every little favour. He had seen much of the world; and, though impetuous and ardent in his youth, was now mellowed into a state of resigned composure, which made him contented with his humble lot, and taught him to accommodate to whatever vicissitudes the fickleness of fortune should throw in his way.

His countenance was a perfect recommendation; and his military air, which he still retained, though so many years had elapsed since he fought the battles of his country, gave him a certain interesting appearance, that spoke at once to the heart.

His eyes were dark, but brilliant; his forehead well raised, but furrowed by the plough of time; his nose was rather aquiline; and his cheeks, saving where age had silvered a beard that would not have

been the worse for the razor, presented the warm glow of health, and finished a countenance replete with expressive animation.

Philip did not sidle into a corner, or appear as though he felt unworthy the honour done him by the Count. On the contrary; with a respectful, yet dignified ease, he entered into conversation with his new patrons, and, in the true stile of French urbanity, tendered his mutilated snuff-box, first wiping its lid with the spare sleeve of his absent limb.

The compliment was not lost; the Count accepted the token of cordiality, and seeing it was not in a condition to stand many such overtures, drew forth his own, and divided its contents with his protegé.

Philip made the bend of acknowledgement, putting his hand to his heart, and silently thinking that which he could not

express; but which the trembling of his lip, and the gloss of his eye, fully imparted to his admiring benefactor.

The Count's heart was not less full than that of his maimed companion; the recollection of his brother, whom he had not seen for many years preceding that in which Philip had saved the Chevalier's life, added to the presence of the intrepid individual who had rescued him from destruction, produced the most extraordinary effects.

The Countess, seeing how matters stood, with the view to relieve her husband from reflections, which she was well aware acted with peculiar violence on his susceptible mind, broke the silence that had for a few minutes prevailed.

"How have you subsisted since you lost your pension, my friend?"

Philip was roused from a grateful reverie by the question, which, however he did not perfectly collect:—"Madame?"

"I say how have you maintained yourself since your pension was withdrawn?"

"My pension was done away, but" added he, pointing upwards, "the *Bon Dieu* remained!"

"True, but how did the *Bon Dieu* provide for you?"

Philip seemed for a moment extremely agitated; he turned aside his face, and taking a little case from his pocket, unclasped it, and showed the portrait of a child; about six years of age:—"*C'est ma petite.*"

It was not necessary to say even that much; for the Countess, at the first glance, had traced every lineament of the parental countenance in that of the child.

"And the mother?" asked the Count, tenderly.

A strong cast of dejection overshadowed the warm glow of happiness, which the portrait of his daughter had raised on Philip's cheek; his eyes ceased to scintil-

late; they were immersed in the tear of sorrow: he could not answer.

The Count felt the pang he had inadvertently inflicted on the heart of the soldier; and was scarcely able to refrain from evincing, by a similar display of sensibility, how much he sympathised with the old man's sorrows. He guessed the result of his question; and assuming a composure, which lent but a superficial veil to his purpose, asked where his daughter lived?

"At Constance."

"Then you will see her soon," said the Count.

The veteran with an eager look of enquiry answered; "Is it possible!"

"I intend going that way to Vienna," replied the Count, "and you shall accompany us."

Philip's soul was on the wing of departure, when he heard what happiness awaited him! He had no handkerchief,

but drawing up the skirt of his coat to his eyes, and covering his face as well as could be done with his hat, he gave a vent to those extatic feelings, which gratitude and affection had engendered in his manly bosom.

It was a year since Philip had heard from his daughter; by which circumstance he had been compelled to ask alms. The Countess endeavoured to resist the impression; but seeing her husband unable to check the dictates of his heart, she was overcome with the affecting scene, and drawing a veil over her eyes, allowed them to participate in the transports enjoyed by her companions.

Ambrose employed his thoughts in a very different manner; he began to doubt whether the Count was in his right senses; and what with the change of names, the journey, and the adventure just related, was completely at a loss to divine what could be his master's intentions. How-

ever he summed up the matter in a brief calculation of his wages; and, whistling the old ballad of "*Je suis encore dans mon printems,*" drove along at an easy rate, until the spires of Geneva attracted his attention.

As they proceeded, the number of cottages, of villas, of plantations, and of cattle, all reminded the Count and his lady of the delightful plains of Languedoc; they exchanged a glance of retrospection, and each, instinctively, heaved a sigh at the remembrance of their former happiness.

The dress of the inhabitants was again metamorphosed; in the morning they had seen the peasants habited in little coloured jackets, with loose drawers open at the knees, no stockings, but occasionally a short sock, and a low quartered shoe, fastened with a very small piece of gay ribbon. The women with their little hats, all on one side, with branches of natural

flowers, bouquets at their bosoms; and in a short vest and petticoat, with only a pair of brown leather slippers on their feet.

They now found an immense population, dressed chiefly in the French costume of a century back, whose countenances bespoke health and contentment.

As they descended from the high country of Chaumont to the wide expanse of plain in which the lake of Geneva spreads its transparent waters, they were fascinated with the grandeur of the scene. Far as the eye could reach, the prospect before them promised to the subsistence, and to the enjoyment of man, every thing that nature could bestow; while on their right were seen the stupendous range of mountains, stretching to the south-east, in which the snowy summit of Mont Blanc appeared like the venerable father of a family, overlooking, as infants, those immense rocks and towering precipices, *les Aguilles*, (or

the Needles) which, divested of the derogatory vicinity of the majestic apex, would each appear immeasureable.

On the left was seen that prodigious range of the Alps, which separates France from Switzerland; the proud Mount Jura towering through the intercepting clouds, and rising, as it were triumphantly, over their fleeting level. The pass of Gex was distinguished by the spire of its church, which was scarcely visible to the naked eye.

The Count, observed, that it appeared to be a strong post, and was no doubt well maintained.

"It should be demolished," said Philip, with much emphasis.

"You have been there?" said the Count.

"I was stationed there some twelve years ago: my poor"—

He stopped, but recovering himself in a few moments, continued,—"my poor An-

nette was taken ill of the ague, which at certain seasons prevails in that quarter; she was born at Constance, and wishing to see her friends, I took her thither, hoping she would benefit by the change of air, and the kind offices of her family, but"—

The impetuous tear rolled down his trembling cheek, and he remained silent: —on a sudden, eagerly drawing forth the portrait of his daughter, and kissing it, with at least as much fervour, and far more sincerity, than many press the image of our Saviour to their lips, he seemed to derive a comfort from the contact, and gradually subsided into tranquillity.

They were now arrived at the barrier, which divides the territory of Geneva, from the kingdom of Savoy. The carriage was stopped, and a well looking man appeared at its side, requiring, in polite terms, to see their passport. The Count shewed it, the whole was right so far as related to Monsieur and Madame Le Brun, and their

equipage; but, asked the Officer, "Who is this?" pointing to Philip.

"He is an old soldier, whom I have taken up near Chaumont, to convey to his family. He is too infirm to travel:"—

"But," rejoined the Officer, addressing himself to Philip, "where is your passport, friend?"

Philip, though not prepared for such a question, was about to draw forth his ragged certificate, when the Officer perceiving that he had lost an arm, said, "Enough; you have it I see under your sleeve."

The Count exclaimed, "*Bon, bon;*" the Countess smiled; and Philip, at that moment, looked like a Roman Emperor, passing under a triumphal arch.

"I see you are a Royalist," said the Officer.

"I am," said Philip, with dignity.

"You had better comply with the sentiments of our towns-people; they are

strongly inclined to the popular party, and it is dangerous to appear with any token of attachment to the cause of royalty; let me recommend that you dismount your white cockade."

The very blood of the veteran rushed into his eyes! The Count was alarmed, lest he should insult the Officer; but, as yet he did not know the mind of Philip, who, in a most emphatic tone, and with an action that bespoke the firmest determination, simply answered, "Never!"

The Officer shrugged up his shoulders, and, making a silent bow to the Countess, told Ambrose he might drive on.

Philip apologized to the Count for the abruptness of his reply to the Officer of the *barriere;* saying he had served with honour under a good monarch, who had maintained him comfortably since the loss of his hand had rendered him unable to serve; and that he had constantly devoted three sous, which he received weekly for ringing the bell on Sundays at Chaumont,

and for sweeping the path that led to the porch, through an avenue of poplars, to preserving that type of his Majesty's virtues, perfectly pure and immaculate.

The principles of Philip made a deep impression on the mind of the Count, who contemplated him with peculiar satisfaction. He felt a certain attachment towards him, which caused many reflections as to the manner in which he should provide for him.

The Countess guessed what passed in the mind of her generous Lord; and, with the view to facilitate such measures as he might be intent upon, asked their aged companion how old his daughter then was?

Philip's eye was illumined by the query.

"In ten days more she will be nineteen."

"And what occupation is she employed in at present?"

"She lives with her aunt, who is the widow of a worthy clergyman, and who has

taught my Annette the true principles of christianity, of which she herself is the living emblem."

"Pray," asked the Count, "can she read and write? and does she understand any thing of household affairs?"

"Certainly," replied Philip; "she reads the Bible, writes all the accounts, and corresponds with her aunt's friends; she is an excellent housewife, and chaunts the service like an angel."

The Count exchanged a look with his lady, who treasured up in her mind the intention it conveyed.

They entered the suburbs, where, notwithstanding the industrious and busy scene, wherein all the inhabitants appeared to be deeply engaged, it was not long before the keen eye of curiosity had directed its attention to the singular figure Philip made, when contrasted with the genteel appearance of the Count and Countess.

Avril, who had arrived two days before, and began to be anxious for his master's safety, observing a crowd following the coach, which was on the English plan, and was supposed to contain persons of that nation, went forward to see what occasioned such an assemblage.

He soon recognised Ambrose, who perceiving him, smiled in his usual silly manner, and with a half smothered laugh, pointed back towards the carriage.

Avril darted forward, and making his way through the crowd, got to the side of the coach, when suddenly Philip put his head through, and by his strange appearance, quite astonished the poor black, who was lost in amaze, until by Philip's retrocession, he discovered his worthy employers.

It is difficult to describe the pleasure felt by the noble pair, at the sight of their faithful domestic. His joy knew no bounds; for he now considered them to

be beyond the reach of mischief, and, in a moment, painted to his imagination all the happiness he concluded must inseparably attach to such worthy characters.

"Ah, Massa! me so glad; me think it long time you not come: Massa well? Missy well?"

A smile from each, communicated to the heart of Avril, the assurance that his hopes were realized. They all seemed happy, and Philip's countenance receiving the cheering ray from their beaming eyes, gave him the air of being one of the family.

"And why not?" thought the Count.

They were now come to the inn, where Avril had taken care to inform the landlord of the expectation he was under of seeing the family arrive. The baggage was speedily unladen, and conveyed into a very handsome saloon, in which covers were ready laid. The Countess went to inspect their sleeping apartment, and the

Count looking over a sumptuous bill of fare, ordered a proper dinner for the party.

Philip stood in the gateway, where many yet remained, seemingly earnest to know what could have occasioned his being brought in the Count's carriage; the fashion of which likewise excited much admiration.

The white cockade was not unnoticed, and occasioned its wearer to be branded with many opprobious epithets.

But that was a matter regarding which Philip had already made up his mind; he treated the insults with such *sang-froid*, that, finding they could make no impression on the veteran's temper, the mob began to subside; especially when they saw him deliberately pull out the stump of a pipe, and envelope himself in the prodigious clouds of smoke, his yet powerful lungs extracted from the fragrant leaf.

In this state Avril found him; they re-

tired together into a neat apartment, where, seating himself at his ease, Philip entered into familiar conversation with his sable companion; to whom the Count had given particular orders to pay every attention to the old man's wants.

After dinner, the Count desired Avril might be sent to him, when the Countess having retired to prepare for a walk, he repeated his particular instructions regarding Avril's deportment towards Philip; stating the circumstance of that deserving old man having saved the life of the Chevalier de St. Hilaire, and concluding with a description of the occurrence by which he had been discovered.

The Count, however, from prudential motives, forbore from intimating his design of retaining the old man in his service, lest unforeseen circumstances should prevent the fulfilment of such an avowal, and give an opening to accuse him of ficklencss, or of want of adherence to his word.

He therefore confined his disclosure to the intention of taking Philip to Constance, where he would see his daughter Annette; and with cautioning Avril not to disclose his real name to Philip.

The Count had by this time resolved upon proceeding direct to Vienna; and while the waiter was absent from the saloon, immediately after dinner, for the purpose of bringing the coffee, had communicated his purpose to the Countess; who, for many reasons, gave her hearty approbation to the intended journey.

The route lay through Aubonne, Neufchatel, Soleure, Baden, and Schafhausen, leaving Constance and its lake entirely to the right; but the consideration of presenting the old man to his daughter, and of probably domesticating both under his own roof, were so firmly engrafted on the Count's mind, as a part of his own happiness, that nothing could induce him to relinquish this favourite plan.

The condition in which the Count had found Philip, added to the total inability of the poor fellow to do any thing towards improving his appearance, would of themselves have operated in his behalf; besides there was an absolute necessity that a companion, in whatever rank he might be classed, should be as decently cloathed, as he was comfortably housed and fed.

Such considerations were sufficient to influence the Count to equip him in a creditable manner; but the recollection that Philip was the preserver of his brother's life, precluded the operation of every other motive.

The Count, however, could not but be surprised that the Chevalier had failed to recommend Philip to his protection: many conjectures offered themselves to supply this deficiency of what he deemed no more than grateful acknowledgement.

In the first place, the Chevalier had never returned to Paris, when liberated

from his parole in England, whither he had been sent as a prisoner; then the youth, and the gaiety of his disposition, seemed to offer as good an apology as many, far more ripened in years, and far more considerate than the Chevalier had ever shewn himself to be, pleaded in behalf of a failing, which the Count trusted was not often indulged.

The Countess made her appearance at the foot of the stairs, as if waiting for her husband, who immediately taking his hat and cane, walked forth into the street.

A bow, not only of the head, but of the heart also, from Philip, who stood at the corner of the avenue leading up to the hotel, reminded him of the poor fellow's wants.

Avril was called, and, being properly instructed, gave an appellative nod to the veteran; who instantly attended his summons. The Countess was in the mean

while reading the bill of a play that was to be performed that night.

"I ask your pardon, my dear, for causing you to wait; but it was necessary to speak to Avril before we went out."

"Your usual politeness, Count, is displayed at an unnecessary moment; for your absence gave me the latitude of learning that we may be present at a representation I have never witnessed, though I have ever longed to do so; it is the *Tartuffe* of Moliere."

"Your curiosity is well founded," answered the Count, "we will take a short turn, and repair to the theatre. I have penned a few lines to your brother, stating our intention of proceeding to Vienna, which I can drop into the office as we pass. The landlord tells me it is but a little way round the corner."

They accordingly proeeeded to the post office, and the Count slipped his letter into the embouchure made for that pur-

pose; but turning round, in order to tread back his way into the principal street, from which they had deviated, among several letters that lay confusedly in the window, he perceived one bearing the stamp of the French post-office, addressed to him *at Geneva!*

He stood confused, nor was it without some effort that the Countess recalled him to that tranquil state in which he had approached the window. Leading her away, and changing the subject, pretending at the same time that the great heat reflected from the houses had overcome him, he endeavoured to assume a chearful air, but his hilarity was so obviously forced, that in lieu of soothing, it rather agitated, the Countess; who was extremely anxious to learn the cause of her husband's uneasiness.

His endeavours to quiet her apprehensions proving the reverse of successful, he judged it more prudent to state what he had seen. She could scarcely credit his

assertion; and, disengaging herself from his arm, walked back to examine more particularly than she thought he had done.

She found his description to be perfectly just, and returned to him with evident symptoms of chagrin and surprise. It was clear, that the Count's departure, and the route he had chosen, were known; and it was to be apprehended, that measures would be taken to cause his return; or, at all events, to arrest his flight.

The Countess thought it could do no harm to demand the letter, and to dive at once into the mystery; judging it better to know the worst, than to remain in a state of incertitude.

But when the Count detailed to her the obvious consequences of throwing off his disguise, which the receipt of the letter would instantly do, she allowed her opinion to be overruled.

This untoward circumstance occasioned

a change of proceedings: in lieu of going by the way of Soleure, it was settled that they should proceed through Lausanne, Lucerne, Zurich, and Constance; which would enable them to reach the Emperor's dominions in safety.

The Countess seemed to think such precautions rather superfluous; but as her husband had assured her, that he had certain information of the designs of those who then held the reins of government, not merely in regard to the noblesse at large, but particularly as to himself, he having exerted all his influence in the cause of his sovereign, she yielded to his arrangements with complete readiness, and shewed herself to be actuated only by a desire to see him safe and happy.

Under the impression occasioned by the sight of the letter, the Count resolved to quit Geneva so soon as possible, and accordingly returned to the inn, for the purpose of accelerating their departure.

At one time he spoke of hiring an additional pair of horses; but then he considered such a proceeding would enable the agents of the French government, who he judged were dispersed in every direction, and would not scruple to assassinate the whole of the royal party, to tread upon his footsteps.

He likewise felt embarrassed by the complexion of his servant; but such a regard did he entertain for the faithful and affectionate Avril, that nothing could have induced the Count to leave him behind, or in any way to alienate him.

The poor fellow had, when the Count was scarcely out of his cradle, conceived a great attachment to his young master, and had all along enjoyed his favour and confidence. He used to say with much exultation, "When Massa young, den Avril love Massa; now Avril old, Massa love Avril."

The Count could have borne the loss of a limb, but not of such a friend!

It should be remarked, that, as persons in a state of fear or of agitation, often overlook the main points whereby they should form their conclusions; so, in this instance, did both the Count and his lady fail to perceive, that the stamp of the general post-office at Lyons covered the original direction of the letter, which was to his estate, near Le Puy.

The Paris stamp appeared conspicuous, and caused such an alarm, as blinded them both as to the other parts of the superscription. It was enough to them that the letter came from Paris, had passed through Lyons, and was then at Geneva.

The Count made no doubt, but it was either a summons to repair to the capital, or an injunction that he should return to his province, under all the penalties attached at that time to the least attempt at emigration.

Many difficulties presented themselves in arranging the plan for their departure,

Avril had brought two heavy boxes with him in the remise, which had conveyed him from Le Puy; whence he had proceeded through Lyons to Geneva; the Count also wished not to have any person within the coach but the Countess and himself. It was true, the coach-box was on; but, even if Avril and Philip should be seated there, their weight, added to that of the luggage, would be too much for one pair of horses.

The Countess perceiving that either some danger of discovery must be incurred, or that they could not proceed at all, suggested, that as Avril was an excellent and a very steady driver, another pair of horses should be purchased; that Ambrose should continue to ride post, and that Avril, having Philip with him on the box, should govern the pair next the wheels. The luggage could be disposed of partly behind, and partly in the boot.

This arrangement met the Count's

warmest approval: in lieu of going to the theatre, they immediately repaired to a repository for horses and carriages, where in a very short time a bargain was made for an excellent pair, and the proper harness speedily equipped.

Knowing the road they intended to follow was, at times, infested with robbers, who found a ready asylum in the mountains and wildernesses interspersed in every direction, the Count judged it prudent to provide sufficient fire-arms, and relying on the bravery of Philip, presented him with a sword, which the old man received in the most becoming manner.

It happened to be one manufactured in the king's laboratories: the veteran, placing it between the remains of his left arm and his body, drew forth the blade, when seeing the fleur-de-lys stamped on its back, he kissed it: the recollection of his royal patron's degraded situation distilled a tear, which falling on the national

device, went with it into its scabbard, never to be effaced!

The whole party retired early to bed; it being determined that all should be clear of the town by the dawn of day; the Count and his lady did not, however, enjoy much repose. Avril feeling himself relieved from the state of surprise he had been in for the fate of his master, soon fell asleep; as did Ambrose, who had taken his fill of good cheer, and did not require any rocking.

In spite of all the favourable occurrences of the day, Philip did not close his eyes for many hours; he almost doubted the reality of what had passed; and, scarcely able to believe, that any, but the *Grand Monarque* himself, could treat a poor old maimed soldier with so much condescension and kindness, his mind was completely bewildered. He only hoped for a continuance of his good health, and an early meeting with his dear Annette.

He was the first to awake; and, according to the injunctions of Avril, lost no time in rousing the latter, who slept in the same apartment. Ambrose went half asleep to the stable to harness the horses, and the baggage being brought out, was disposed of as the Count had directed.

Coffee was served; and, all being at their posts, Ambrose cracked his whip, and led off in high stile; not a little pleased with the new cattle, which Avril managed with great dexterity. The Rhone was re-crossed, and they entered the *Pays de Vaud;* those without the vehicle intent more upon the objects which casually attracted their attention, while the Count and Countess were congratulating themselves on the happy discovery of the letter, which had given so salutary a warning, and prompted them to avoid those dangers they imagined were strewed in the ordinary route to Vienna!

To prevent their being traced, the

Count had taken the precaution of requesting the landlord, that if any letters should arrive there for Monsieur Le Brun, he would cause them to be forwarded to Constance, by the way of Basle.

The road being good, and the horses well-conditioned, they proceeded at a round pace, and by ten o'clock, found themselves at the little town of Nion, where they put up for some hours, to refresh the cattle, and to take an early repast; which the fresh air from the lake, along whose borders their route had meandered, rendered highly acceptable.

From this delightful romantic spot, all the beauties of the surrounding scene came to their view! The city of Geneva, rising from the borders of the Rhone, up the side of a hill, had an amphitheatrical appearance, and caused them to regret the necessity for so abrupt a departure.

The Count sighed when he called to mind the restless disposition of its inhabi-

tants; who, neglectful of the happy government under which they lived, had allowed themselves to be swayed by the false lights of a pretended philosophy, and to become disposed towards the adoption of those horrible crimes, which had stained the annals of his own country. He foresaw the effects of their listening to those incendiaries, whose minds were bent on desolation and murder!

While they sat at dinner, they overheard an old man, in a plaintive voice, soliciting the landlord to give him something to eat; the terms of his supplication were modest, but, earnest. The host was, however, deaf to his prayer, and the humble petitioner was about to depart, when, as he proceeded through the passage towards the gate, his appearance struck the Countess so forcibly, that she involuntarily started, and attracted his notice.

He was passing on; making, as he crossed the door-way, a bend of his body, ex-

pressive of his respect for the company in the room, but without seeming to solicit, or to expect, their assistance. He appeared to be full sixty years of age, was habited as a Dominican, and evidently in his younger days had been remarkably handsome.

The Count had also caught a glimpse of him, and was equally prepossessed in his favour. He nodded to Avril, who stood behind the Countess's chair: the manner implied the cause, and Avril in two steps had arrived sufficiently near to touch the monk on the shoulder.

He turned, and followed the kind-hearted African into the apartment.

The Countess looked at a chair, which stood near the table, and Avril moved it closer. The Count desired the reverend visitor to be seated, and ordered a cover to be laid for him.

The Monk's eye swam with gratitude; he would have spoke, but his words want-

ed utterance:—placing one hand on his heart, and raising the other towards the heavens, his full orbits accompanying the silent acknowledgment, he contrived to express himself to that all-intelligent Being, to whose service his life appeared to have been faithfully devoted.

The Count was not less affected; Avril, in spite of his complexion, looked more than human; while the fat landlord, who had stopped at the door to witness that which he considered a folly, looked more like a devil.

The Countess frowned as she saw him, and turned her eyes from so disgusting an object. The landlord retired—to remember the Dominican in his bill!

When the monk had eased his heart, by the fervent adoration it paid to his Creator, inclining his body gently forward, and placing both his hands in a supplicating posture, he pronounced a short benediction; then, apparently at ease with

himself, as well as with all around him, he sat down, and joined in the repast.

By degrees he became animated; he seemed to be warmed by the sudden gleam of happiness, and evinced so strong an understanding, admirably cultivated, that his companions were delighted with his conversation.

He touched upon the politics of the day; but finding the Count rather disposed to avoid that subject, he gave them an outline of his history. He was a native of Languedoc, where he was educated; he dwelt pathetically on the beauties of that province, was extravagant in his praise of the banks of the Loire, and spoke of various places that convinced the Count he was correct in every particular.

The Countess asked if he had ever been at Le Puy?

The monk's countenance suddenly changed; he heaved a sigh, and seemed embarrassed.

The Count nodded to his Lady; not in reproof—but hinting that a change of the subject was indispensable.

"Are you travelling through the Cantons, Father?"

He was going on the special business of his monastery, which was at their eastern boundary.

"Then," said the Countess, "perhaps it would be agreeable to you, to take a seat in our carriage?"

"You will not only be heartily welcome," added the Count, "but will confer a favour, by allowing us the pleasure of your society."

The warm blush of acknowledgment tinted the father's cheek; it supplied the place of a thousand thanks, which, crowding from his heart, obstructed their own egress.

The monk clasped his hands, and in a tremulous tone, faintly replied, "Heaven will reward ye!"

Having finished their meal, and the

Dominican having devoutly returned thanks for what they had received, the carriage was brought to the door. The Countess entered, and the monk, at the pressing instance of his benefactor, followed. Nothing, however, could prevail upon him to take the back seat. The Count therefore, sat next to his lady.

Ambrose, seeing the reverend father ascending into the vehicle, turned round to Philip, who had taken his station on the box, and dryly remarked, that, "another pair of horses would soon be wanted."

Philip did not relish the sneer, which seemed to be directed as much against himself, as at the monk: however, he kept his temper, and coolly replied, "Another postillion, at least."

Ambrose gave a grin at this retort, which the expression of Philip's countenance rendered so manifest, as not possibly to be misunderstood; but Avril bid-

ding him lead on, he bestowed on his horses some hearty cracks, which he would rather have laid on the shoulders of the veteran.

The perpetually varying scenery, the beautiful expanse of water, the freshness of the air, and the chearful countenances of the peasantry, now busily employed in their vintage, offered to the travellers abundant sources for conversation. The sun was gently declining behind the western Alps, and the snowy head of mount Jura reflected a thousand brilliant hues, as the clouds flitted under its lofty peak. The monk, was, however, at times absorbed in thought.

At length, after passing through the neat little towns of Copet, Rolle, and Morges, they entered Lausanne, standing on a variety of small mounds, and commanding the most extensive prospects. They were accomodated in a handsome style, at the Black Lion; and the monk.

saying he had occasion to transact some business with the superior of a convent situated on the verge of the lake, retired.

The Dominican, however, bent his steps towards the stables, where, seeing Avril, he beckoned to him to go apart: he then asked him the name of the family to whom he felt himself under such an important obligation?

"Le Brun."

"From Languedoc?"

Here Avril paused; fearing he might disclose what would prove injurious, or, at least, displeasing, to his master;—but suddenly recollecting, that hesitation must prove suspicious, he answered, "Yes."

"Are you sure his name is Le Brun?"

Avril was startled at the question, but with promptness repeated the affirmative.

"I never beheld such a resemblance;" rejoined the monk, walking away slowly.

Avril, instantly asked, "Of whom?"

"Of the Count de St. Hilaire."—

Saying this, he returned to the apartment, where he found the Count and Countess waiting for him. He watched every motion of the Count, and seemed to scan his features with such earnestness, as attracted the notice of the Countess.

The monk appeared to be deep in thought; his brows were knit, his countenance lowered, and he became, by degrees, quite a different man: at length addressing himself, with much eagerness, to the Count, he asked, "Do you know the Count of St. Hilaire?"

The Countess sunk back in her chair; her husband's cheeks lost their colour; his eyes were rivetted on the monk; who, springing from his seat, and striking his palm upon his forehead, with a tremulous and piteous groan, darted out of the room!

It was some time ere the noble travellers could recover themselves sufficiently

to summon Avril, who seeing the disorder of their countenances, was alarmed, and anxiously enquired the cause.

The Count asked whither the monk was gone?

Avril had seen him quit the inn with a hurried pace, his cowl thrown over his head, and his garments compacted, as though to facilitate his movements.

He had vanished; nor could he be any where found!

The Count explained to his faithful black what had happened; and was in return informed of the conversation that had taken place in the yard adjoining the stables. Avril said he was about to communicate the circumstance, when seeing the father return immediately, and judging it would appear a confirmation of his suspicions, if his master were called from the apartment, he had judged it more proper to await the opportunity of finding him alone, and then to communicate the monk's question.

"He must be in the town," said the Countess."

Avril being told of the monk's pretext for walking abroad, without waiting for instructions, took his hat, and ran down to the convent. He knocked: a porter opened the shutter of a grated wicket, and enquired his business.

It was explained, so far as was necessary towards obtaining information; but without the smallest success.

In vain did Avril describe the Dominican: whether from real, or affected ignorance, the porter maintained his negative; and, to avoid further importunity, closed the wicket.

Nothing could exceed the perplexity into which this strange incident threw the party. Each was lost in a thousand conjectures; but, with such a trifling insight into the monk's history, it was impossible to form any satisfactory conclusion, regarding the motives for his conduct.

Although it was agreed by all, that, the monk could not have any design, such as might affect their safety, yet, his being in possession of their secret, gave them considerable uneasiness. They had informed him of their intention to proceed to Constance by the way of Lucerne; but had not stated whether through Berne, or through Thun.

It was evident, that, if the monk meditated their ruin, no precaution, in regard to the route, could be of the smallest avail: the Count's equipage was so notorious, that no great effort could be required to trace him with perfect exactness. An English coach, a black coachman, and a man on the box, who had but one arm, were such distinctions as could not fail to identify the whole group.

It is true, that, when the Count gave Philip a new suit at Geneva, he had directed Avril to point out the impropriety of giving offence to the prejudiced rabble,

by the display of any emblem relating to the ci-devant costume of the French troops. Philip was rather hurt at the advice of Avril, that the white cockade should be withdrawn; nor would he perhaps have complied therewith, had he not understood it was the Count's particular desire.

Philip looked several times at his three-cornered chapeau with evident tokens of mortification, indeed of doubt; but, at last, gently removing the ribbon from under the loop, and putting it between the flap and the crown, he satisfied his conscience with still bearing the device on his head.

Think not lightly, gentle reader, of the violence done to the veteran's feelings, nor of the manner in which he yielded to his protector's wishes! It was a delicate point; not of vanity, but of gratitude. He felt, that his monarch had been already degraded, and his generous heart

bled for every diminution of his dignity.

At Lausanne the Count's bounty enabled the veteran to make amends for, what he considered, a dereliction of his duty. He purchased a neat metal snuff box, which bearing the image of his beloved sovereign, had been discarded by a democratic cordonier, and lay unheeded among the rubbish in a broker's shop.

Philip burnished it up carefully; and, as he put it into his pocket, inwardly lamented, that, like the illustrious original, it had experienced so much ill usage!

They departed from Lausanne early the next morning, and, after travelling about five hours, reached Moudon; where they were amused, while they made a slight meal, by a pretty groupe of country girls, dancing to the notes of a small instrument, resembling a hurdy gurdy, played by an elderly woman, who appeared to have some authority over them.

It was the mistress of a village school,

who, in consequence of its being a holiday, had assembled her young pupils under a clump of elms; where, on a mossy level, the little fairies gave a loose to agility and to joy.

The scene affected the Count and his lady; forgetting their more immediate cares, they repaired to the spot, and seating themselves on bundles of straw, at the foot of one of the trees, passed an hour of perfect happiness; save that alloy occasioned by the remembrance of their favourite Le Puy, where such recreation was daily presented to their view.

Among the little maidens, the Countess distinguished one whose appearance indicated a superiority of understanding. She was about fifteen, remarkably well formed; her countenance was mild, but expressive: it appeared to be clouded with sorrow: she sat apart from the rest.

The Countess asked the matron; who she was?

"Ah! poor thing," replied the dame, "she has but this morning parted from the only friend she had in the world."

The girl turned aside her face, and, with the corner of her mouchoir, wiped away that tear she would willingly have suppressed.

"Come, Paulina," said the dame, "shake off this childish sorrow, and join your playmates."

Paulina strove to repel her tears, but, 'twas not a childish sorrow; the fountain of sensibility supplied the stream.

"Your friend will return," said the Countess.

Paulina did not appear to cherish such a hope: she remained in silent grief, her cheek resting on her hand, and her elbow upon her knee; the other hand pressing the mouchoir to her eyes.

The Countess asked the particulars of Paulina's situation.

"Madam," said the school-mistress,

"Paulina was brought hither, about ten years ago, by a brother of the holy order of St. Dominic. He has regularly paid me fifteen louis yearly for her maintenance and education; and ever since she has been with me, always acknowledged her to be his daughter.

This morning early he called at the school; and, taking her aside, wept over her, as if in bitter anguish. He told her she had been deceived as to her parents; that he was not her father; that she would never see him again; but, that a very near relation should be apprised of her situation; when, as he was a man of rank and fortune, and of the most amiable qualities, she would, no doubt, be acknowledged and received into his family."

The Count's curiosity was highly raised: he requested the good woman to describe the Dominican. Her answer convinced the Count it was their late guest.

A number of conjectures arose in the minds of the Count and his lady: they

were, however, left in all the anxiety of suspense, by not being able to gain the slightest intelligence, as to the monk's residence.

The early hour at which he had been to see Paulina, clearly established, that the Dominican must have travelled by night; and, as it was reasonable to conclude, that so long a journey on foot must have fatigued him greatly, the Count entertained the hope of being able to overtake him.

A doubt arose as to the route he had taken: the school-mistress solved it, by stating, that she had seen him turn down the lane to the right, which led to Thun.

"But," added she, "there are so many by-paths over the hills, and the vineyards are so numerous, that, I fear you will scarcely fall in with him if you keep the carriage road; which is, at least, seven miles more circuitous than over the hills."

The Countess took Paulina with her to the inn: the Count followed slowly at a little distance, his arms folded, and his

cane dangling from his wrist. He was met by Avril :—" Got letter for massa."

The Count was amazed!—he read as follows.

" My Lord."

" It is of the utmost importance to your family, that you leave your address at the post-office at Constance."

The letter was directed, " to Monsieur Le Brun." It was found on the table in the room where they had taken refreshment, and nobody knew how it came there.

Paulina, overcome by the Countess's kind deportment, had partly resumed her serenity. Her lovely blue eyes wandered over the Countess's dress and figure; but when she turned to view the Count as he entered the room with the letter in his hand, she started with surprise.

" Good Heavens!" exclaimed the innocent girl, as she fell senseless into the Countess's arms.

Avril ran for water; the school-mistress, hearing the confusion occasioned by the accident, threw down her instrument, to the sound of which her pupils were again in motion, and, as quickly as her aged limbs would bear her, repaired to the scene of perplexity.

Seeing her favourite in a swoon, she was nearly frantic; and was with difficulty prevented from the attempt to bear Paulina away in her arms.

The amiable girl, as she recovered, faintly testified the grateful sense she entertained of the kindness of the matron, who wept for joy at her restoration; but looking wildly, as if in search of some favourite object, she appeared disappointed, on seeing none near her except the Countess and her aged tutoress.

The Count, hearing her speak, re-entered the apartment; when Paulina, raising herself from the sofa, on which she had been laid, and holding out her arms to

embrace him, joyfully exclaimed—"My Father!"

The Countess turned pale, and, withdrawing into an adjoining closet, sat down; her mind distracted by the extraordinary occurrence she had just witnessed.

The old lady was overjoyed at the idea of having found Paulina's parent; while the Count's features indicated the state of his thoughts.

As Paulina embraced the Count, who was almost insensible of what she was doing, his lady saw, by the reflection of a pier glass, all that passed in the room she had quitted. He kissed the cheek of the lovely girl, who held him to her with all the energy of filial enthusiasm.

"Holy father!" exclaimed the old woman, "was any thing ever so lucky?" "Ah! my dear child, ye are as like as two needles."

The Countess anxiously compared their countenances: the obvious resemblance gave her a secret pang.

"Poor girl," said the Count, "she should be taken care of:" for he concluded she had become deranged in consequence of the strange declaration made by the monk that morning.

Ambrose came to enquire whether the horses were to be put to, as it was getting late. The Count was unsettled; he referred Ambrose to the Countess; who shut the door of the closet as she saw him approaching. Ambrose stared; the Count was surprised, and angrily told him to go about his business.

"My master is certainly crazed;" thought the postillion.

The Countess recollecting, that the letter which Avril had delivered to her husband, was laying upon the table, immediately left the closet, and took it to the window: she read it; but, in lieu of finding any clue to the labyrinth of wonders, she was more completely bewildered, and, not being of a disposition to remain long in suspense, sarcastically told the

Count, that, no doubt he could explain the mystery.

"Indeed, my dear, I cannot: you know as much of the matter as I do."

"Pray do not stand upon ceremony, my lord; but if the girl is yours, say so?"

"I pledge my word, Madame Le Brun," said the Count, significantly correcting the lapse, "she is not my daughter."

The unhappy girl seized his hand, and bathing it with her tears, wistfully exclaimed—"Does then my dear father reject me!"

From the most extravagant joy, she became dejected to an extreme; nor did the school-mistress's passions undergo less change. She supported Paulina in her arms; and, by various expressions of grief, and of affection, exhibited the interest she felt in her welfare.

After a general silence, the Count, having recovered his usual deliberation and coolness, addressed himself to his lady.

"I cannot deny that the very extraordinary incident which has just taken place, might shake the belief of persons unacquainted with my conduct and with my principles. It presents an enigma, of which the solution appears extremely difficult; yet I foresee, that time will afford us the explanation.

"I feel myself bound to satisfy you, madam, that this unfortunate young lady is not my daughter; and nothing shall be omitted on my part which may conduce to that effect."

"Paulina, you have not found your father, but a firm friend: though the man who hitherto was considered as your parent, has, for reasons known only to himself, thought proper to annul that claim, you shall not be thrown destitute on the world. Business of importance demands my attendance at Vienna; but no time shall be lost in removing the painful suspense you now experience."

The Count gave his feigned address to

the matron; who, on his requiring to be informed of her name, told him she was baptized by the name of Estella; that her maiden name was Augereau, and that she was the widow of Claude Mascanier, late clerk of the parish of Moudon.

"Then," said the Count, "have the goodness to give me an acknowledgment for these fifteen louis, which I pay you in advance for the maintenance and instruction of Paulina—who shall I say?"

"Paulina St. Hilaire!" answered the dame.

The Count blushed, and was confounded; the Countess bit her lips, and gave him a look which tortured his very soul:—

"I think, Mr. Le Brun, we had better order the carriage."

"As you please, my dear."

It would have given the Count great pleasure to have remained for that night at the inn; where he thought it possible, by proper enquiries, to gain some insight into this

very remarkable occurrence. He was utterly at loss how to apply the name of the amiable object; for being conscious that she could not be his offspring, the more he considered, the more he was amazed.

Avril's announcing that the Countess had seated herself in the coach, rendered it necessary for the Count to take leave of the fair Paulina, and her kind protectress. The former, with an energy that fully expressed her feelings, her pallid cheeks bedewed with tears, rose from her seat, and throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him a thousand times.

Her trembling lips could scarcely give vent to the faultering accent, as, with an earnest and affectionate look, she "trusted he would not forget his Paulina!"

The Count's assurances were short;—they were pathetic;—they were sincere!

The school-mistress taking Paulina to the sofa, made her recline upon a cushion, while her eyes glistening through the wa-

tery medium, followed the Count, as he reluctantly obeyed his lady's repeated summons.

"Avril, be secret as to what has passed at Moudon!"

The faithful negro bowed obedience: his tender heart was moved by the affecting scene.

They followed the road to Thun; the Count highly impatient to overtake the Dominican, if possible; though but little hope could be encouraged of obtaining intelligence from a man, who had shewn such a determination to avoid all personal intercourse.

Avril had directions to keep a sharp look out, and to give instant notice to the Count, if the Dominican should be seen from the coach-box.

"You may save them the trouble of attending to that point," said the Countess. Whatever the motive may be that impels him to the cautious deportment he

has adopted, be assured it is of sufficient importance, either to his welfare, or to his happiness, to urge his cunning to the utmost.

"Besides, what can you expect but disappointment; your carriage cannot move so secretly, as not to be heard, or seen, by the Dominican; to whom these hills, covered with herbage, and the extensive plantations of the vine, offer the ready means of concealment.

"Satisfy yourself with the directions contained in the mysterious notice left at the inn; and, in the mean while, cease to disturb your peace of mind, as you now do, with the various, and endless, surmises which fancy has conjured up to your view."

"You reason well, my dear," said the Count, in reply; "but forget, that your own extravagant suspicions have given birth to that solicitude you so deliberately censure. Is it possible for a man

situated as I have been for this whole day, and especially after the occurrenees of the last evening, to suspend curiosity with such stoic calmness as you recommend?"

"True, I can make some allowance for this accidental meeting with your"—

The Count put his hand on her lips; she felt offended, and remained silent during the rest of that day's journey.

Nothing was seen of the Dominican. The party arrived late in the evening at Corbiers; the Count nearly distracted with the combination of strange events; the Countess completely out of humour and oppressed by a nervous head-ache; while those on the box were greatly disappointed, at not being able to give any intelligence on the subject of their enjoined vigilance.

When the carriage stopt at the inn, the Count, with his usual politeness, offered to hand his lady out of the coach: she declined his assistance; but, resting on

Philip, who had opened the door, called for the fille de chambre.

Being shewn up to an elegant chamber, she ordered coffee to be brought to her.

"*Et pour Monsieur aussi?*

The Countess made no reply, and Sylvia tripped down stairs to entertain Jean, Phillis, Antoine, Gregoire, Lisette, and the whole tribe of menials, with the sullen deportment of the lady, who wanted coffee in her bed-room.

On entering the apartment designed for the reception of genteel travellers, the Count was attended by the maitre d'hotel, who was as highly pleased with the appearance and manners of his guest, as the fille de chambre had been amused with the reverse in the Countess.

The innkeeper laid a Paris gazette on the table: the Count cast his eyes over the news, and, among a long list of proscribed emigrants, saw himself publicly denounced.

He sighed heavily, but the coffee being introduced by the innkeeper, he asked if any traveller, habited as a Dominican, had passed that way?

"A muleteer of the town, who had returned from Moudon, had, at the request of an elderly religieuse, brought him on one of his beasts; but the traveller had gone forward in great haste."

Avril was sent to enquire at the barrier which way the Dominican had gone?

"He had taken the road to Thun, about half an hour before."

The domestic's eye brightened as his ear received the report; he hastened home, and, without speaking a word to his master, took a horse, and gallopped after the monk.

Avril proceeded near three miles before he overtook him; when, as the monk sidled to the edge of the road, to avoid being trod upon by the horse, his eye lighted upon the face of his pursuer, on which the

moon darted her beams through a small interval in the rocky hills, that lay close behind the Dominican's back.

Avril, seeing him turn to hide among the crags, called; but to no purpose. His well known voice stimulated the monk to greater speed.

Impatient at the vexatious evasion, Avril turned to follow; and smartly urging the horse among the rugged masses, came suddenly to the ground.

He had already passed the monk; who was hidden behind the body of a decayed oak. Seeing Avril fall, and unable to rise, he ran to his aid.

The poor fellow was senseless; the monk took him back to the road side, and went in search of water, but without success.

At length a carriage appeared; it was going to Corbiers: Avril was put in, and the post boy led back the horse.

"Do you know who he is?

The monk was gone!

The lad receiving no answer, thought the devil was concerned in the business, and crossing himself without delay, drove with all speed, his mouth full of aves and credos, to the very inn where the Count had put up.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the chaise, attracted a crowd within the inn-yard. Philip soon recognized his honest comrade; and aided by Ambrose conveyed him to bed, still senseless. The Count was extremely concerned, and instantly sent for assistance.

The surgeon appeared, and, having bled his patient copiously, proceeded to examine the bruises on Avril's head: they were fortunately not dangerous. He administered suitable medicines, and directed perfect quiet and silence to be observed.

Philip undertook to enforce both, and remained all night at the bed-side. Ambrose, as usual, went to examine the larder; and having ate and drank as much

as his capacious stomach would accept, went to sleep, happy in the probability of being enabled, through the sufferings of his fellow-servant, to indulge in a good long nap the next morning.

The Count was distressed beyond measure. He was unable to guess how his domestic had received the hurt. It was impossible for him to anticipate the explanation Avril would give of his setting off as he had done; but when he heard the story related by the post-boy, he was still more at a loss, nor could he form the smallest conjecture, at all supported by reason. He however gave Avril credit for the best intentions.

What with those belonging to the inn, and those who came to it from curiosity, the post-boy had an ample audience; nor did he spare in the detail of that which fear, superstition, and a natural promptness towards the marvellous, had put into his head. His auditors came with open eyes,

open ears, and open mouths; he rendered the picture more complete, by causing their hair to stand an end.

Now it happened, that a Savoyard was exhibiting the Court of Victor Amadeus, together with a Review of the Garrison of Turin, at the low rate of three marevadis per head—'twas a cheap poll-tax, and all the town thronged to see his show; so that not a soul had observed Avril when he took the horse from the stable. It was that of the Count's, which was usually rode by Ambrose: the son of the whip had, therefore, nobody to correct his errors, or contradict his fictions.

He told the multitude, that, as he was returning from the half-way house on the road to Thun, where he had been discharged by a German officer, he was met, about ten miles from Corbiers, by a person, mounted on the horse in question, who desired him to stop; that, on his doing so, the stranger dismounted, and gave him

the horse to hold; that, after delivering the horse, he instantly began to spin round on one heel, his eyes and nose gushing blue and red flames, until he was all one blaze; that he threw something into the chaise, and uttering a horrid scream, sprang over the horses into the air. The animals, he said, took fright at this last feat, and ran off at speed; nor was he able to check them until he arrived at the town gate.

All who left the inn mistook every object for a devil; and those who staid there would not venture near the unlucky horse; against the retaining of which Ambrose made some very judicious remarks to the Count.

Finding his lady did not come down stairs, the Count seated himself to a *petit souper*, his mind entirely occupied and discomposed by the misfortune which had befallen his domestic. He was musing on the necessity for remaining at the inn, till

Avril should be able to travel, the waiter standing behind his chair, when a tap at the door of the apartment summoned the lacquey.

It was the chamber-maid, whispering to Antoine, that the lady had retired to rest, and requiring the gentleman's orders.

"I have no particular orders to give; but I trust the sheets are well aired."

"*Assurement*"—answered the fille de chambre; "but, as the lady cannot be spoken to, perhaps Monsieur will be so good as to give directions about his chamber."

"Monsieur has already told you he has no orders to give."

The Count hearing the whisperings continue, enquired what was the matter?

"*Rien de tout*," answered Antoine, attempting to shut the door.

Sylvie was not, however, to be so easily repulsed: she made her way good, and entering the room, with a light in her hand,

advanced towards the Count; her beautiful black eyes, armed with a thousand darts, the glow of youthful health on her cheeks, a smile that would have warmed an anchorite, (or at least a monk,) her pearl-like teeth, mounting a formidable battery, over a lip that humbled the ruby, and a tout ensemble that seemed to menace every beholder.

"Perhaps Monsieur would prefer a chamber to himself?"

"No," answered the Count; "I always sleep with Madame."

"But Madame is asleep—*elle ne se soucit pas!*"

The Count was not insensible to either the provocation or the provocative; but his thoughts were wholly abstracted from the theme on which Sylvie had addressed him.

She therefore left the room; Antoine smiling significantly as she passed.

"*C'est un bête,*" said Sylvie, as she banged the door after her.

The Count was a handsome man; his hair, which curled loosely over his forehead, was of a light brown, his eyes corresponded, being of a rich grey, peculiarly animated and penetrating; his form was correctly symmetrical; he was rather tall, well featured, and might reckon about forty years.

The Countess was nearly of his age, of a good form, and not wanting in beauty; yet there was a certain something, that rendered her by no means so prepossessing as her husband. She adored him; but owing to an unhappy tendency towards jealousy, her captiousness had frequently caused him great uneasiness. On such occasions, he at length found it was most prudent to leave her to herself; when, her fondness rising superior to her suspicions, she gradually overcame them, and allowed her errors to die away.

The present cause of petulance, however, was in her mind so unpardonable, that she

was seriously affected, and even the Count had some doubts as to its operations: not that he considered the occasion for disquietude to be established, though appearances were certainly far from being in his favour.

This noble couple had been married about nine years, but had no children; a circumstance they often lamented. The Count imputed it to a very sudden and violent complaint, with which he had been seized about a year before his wedding, and from which nothing but the fortunate arrival of a skilful physician could have relieved him.

Though the doctor had never precisely avowed his opinion on that occasion, yet, from the various questions he put to the Count, regarding any person with whom he might be at enmity, it was evident the former suspected the distemper to have been induced by sinister means.

The matter was never explained; and

the Count, whose generous disposition revolted at the idea of imputing that to others, of which he himself could never be capable, was anxious that nothing should be expressed which might induce to suspicion.

Although the cause of the infirmity was not investigated, nor doubted, its effects occasioned much vexation to both the Count and his lady; they both wished to have children, the latter in particular.

In the morning, Philip came to afford his master the pleasing intelligence, that Avril was considerably better, but, owing to the violence of a bruise on his jaw-bone, could scarcely articulate; he had passed a tolerable night, and had made signs for a bason of tea.

Happy as this information made the Count, yet he was not satisfied until he had visited the poor fellow, who seemed to be quite overcome by his master's kindness and condescension: he made some

signs as to how the mischance had befallen him, but in such a strange manner, and with so much agitation, that nothing could be collected from the attempt.

The Count judged it better to await the arrival of the surgeon, who was a modest, attentive person: this, added to the total absence of grimace, and of pretended dangers, couched under technical terms, gave birth to a good opinion of his skill, which was amply supported by the speedy cure he performed.

On examination, it appeared; that two of the most backward grinders had been violently wrenched, and required immediate extraction. The operation was performed in the most able manner; when Avril, finding himself, as it were by magic, restored to the use of his tongue, would have proceeded in a long narration of his adventure, had not the doctor insisted on his forbearing from speech, and recommended that he should keep his jaw completely at rest for a day or two.

It being Sunday, the Count proposed to his lady, that they should go to church.

" She was too much indisposed to quit her chamber !"

Ambrose having cleaned and fed his horses, followed the Count to the Roman Catholic chapel.

Among the sacred characters aiding in the celebration of a mass, the Count perceived a priest, whose face was perfectly familiar to him; but it was in vain he essayed to call to mind when, or where, he had seen him.

Towards the conclusion of the service a silver plate was handed about, by this same person, for the purpose of receiving contributions towards the repairs of the church. The priest, in that respectful and becoming manner, which sets the donor at ease, by the liberty of proportioning the gift to his circumstances, studiously avoided looking towards the plate; which he raised above his shoulder, while

his eyes were humbly inclined towards the pavement.

The priest passed on: the Count was confirmed in his opinion, but remained under the same uncertainty.

As the congregation quitted the church, the Count took a station in which he could not fail of being observed by the priest, whenever he should quit the porch. He did not wait long, but, in a few minutes, had the pleasure of embracing the man by whom he had been baptised; and who, for many years, had been confessor to the Count's progenitor.

Father Gregoire was a man of the first talents; his education had been extensive, and directed by a parent who was celebrated for the excellence, as well as the eloquence of his writings. He intended this son for the bar; in which there could have been no doubt of his rapid rise, owing to extensive connexions among the most splendid characters that ornamented the court of Louis the fifteenth.

Unhappily, the father and the son differed materially, regarding some political points; and the latter was disinherited, in favour of his next brother, who had the wit to chime in with all his parents' dictates, and thus obtained the highest military preferments: Gregoire entered into holy orders.

In the family of the Count's father, the priest had passed many happy years, esteemed and beloved; nor did he evince less regard and affection towards his patron; over whose remains he had sorrowfully performed the last offices.

At that time, the present Count was making the tour of Italy; but he wrote, so soon as informed by Father Gregoire of the mournful event, requesting his continuance in the family, and assuring him of his warmest attachment.

Frederick St. Hilaire was then at Le Puy, and conducted himself in such an unbecoming manner towards his late fa-

ther's confessor, as to induce the good man to accept the situation of almoner, in which the Count then found him.

Father Gregoire, in his answer to the Count's kind letter, pleaded ill health, and the necessity for a change of air; charitably avoiding every circumstance that could possibly tend to set the two brothers at variance on his account: he soon left Le Puy, though not without infinite emotion on his own part, and sincerely regretted by all who had witnessed the purity of his principles, or experienced his unostentatious kindness.

The Count conducted his old preceptor to the inn, there to enjoy the pleasure of mutual communication. Among other questions, the priest asked, "When he had seen his brother, the Chevalier Frederic?"

"Not for many years," answered the Count: "he drew on me for four hundred louis, when he was a prisoner in England, during the last war, which I honoured;

since that he has never so much as written to me."

The priest looked grave—

"Perhaps it is all for the best."—

"I hope so," said the Count; "but, father, you seem to have some meaning, if I may judge by the expression of your countenance?"

"My observation was a general one: it might have suited a thousand occasions."

The priest shook his head, and sighed!

"Does he know of your retreat from France, and whither you are going?"

"I cannot possibly suppose he does," answered the Count; "but I wish to my soul he did!"

The priest again shook his head, and again he sighed!

"Father," exclaimed the Count, "I entreat you to explain these mysterious sighs! I conjure you by that virtue which rendered you the bosom friend of my late honoured parent, I conjure you by his

blessed memory, to throw aside this cruel reserve, and to disclose that secret which seems to burn within you—say—Father"—

"About ten years ago I sent you a letter, by the hands of a man who for many years was your steward—"

"What! by Emanuel Fourche?"—

"The same:—you got that letter, no doubt?"

"Never, Father; the poor fellow was assassinated, just as he had entered my domains, on his return from visiting a sister, who, I understand, retired into the convent of St. Gal, in consequence of the remorse she felt at having committed an indiscretion with a young man, whose name I never could learn."

The priest was amazed—"Murdered!"

"Even so; his property was not touched; whence it was obvious that was not the object of the villain who stabbed him."

Father Gregoire traversed the room in great disorder; at length he seized the

Count's hand, and clasping it energetically, exclaimed—"Yet my friend survives!"

After a pause, during which the Count was in amaze, the priest seated himself, and wiping his eyes, which the flow of exultation had moistened, he proceeded.

"Emanuel, when returning from St. Gal, came to our chapel, and demanded to speak with me. I was happy to see him; for I always thought him to be modest, virtuous, and amiable. After a few common-place questions, he requested me to lead him to our confessional. I did so; when, to my utter surprise, he declared, that his own sister had been tampered with, by her seducer, to procure your destruction."

The Count started!—

"She would never disclose by whom she was urged, but took the surest means of prevailing on Emanuel to visit her; by sending him word she was labouring under

a consumption, and could not long survive his arrival."

"Emanuel hastily obeyed the summons, and was rejoiced to see his sister in health: she was oppressed by the reflection of that crime to which she repeatedly had been urged, by her husband!—nay more, by her father too!"

"Emanuel would have written to you, but she cautioned him against such a mode of communication; advising him to quit St. Gal without delay, and to repair to Corbiers for the purpose of consulting me. I saw his danger, and enjoined him to be cautious as to the route he should follow on his return to Le Puy. He left me with the intent to proceed by the way of St. Claude and Montbrison."

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the Count—"but what became of his sister?"

"I know not; but, from her silence, no doubt she is in heaven!"

The Count sat some time in thoughtful

silence, from which he was aroused by the entrance of the Countess; who, having heard that a religieuse was in the apartment with her lord, and conjecturing it to be the Dominican, was induced, by the hope of tracing the events of the preceding day to their source, to honour the party with her presence.

As she entered the room, she looked earnestly at Father Gregoire; who, in a respectful manner, expressed the pleasure he felt in seeing her able to come down to dinner. Though disappointed as to the main object, she felt so much attraction from the open and interesting countenance of their visitor, that she gradually dispelled that gloom, which at first was conspicuous, and became familiar as usual with her lord.

The priest asked the Count, whether he was certain, that Frederic St. Hilaire had not been at St. Puy for so many years, as he had, at first, intimated?

The Count took a while to consider the question.

"Did you never hear of your brother having been at Moulines?"

"You are right, Father; about the time that I recovered from my sudden and unaccountable illness ——"

"How long was that ago?" said the priest, interrupting him with quickness; his eye anticipating the Count's reply.

"It was a short time after poor Emanuel was destroyed."

"Proceed, I beseech you," said Father Gregoire.

"There was a report, that my brother was seen at Moulines; and, now you call the subject to my memory, I perfectly recollect, that it was further rumoured he was suddenly ordered to join his corps, which then embarked for America, to serve under Fayette: I was in hopes he was so far on his way to visit me: however, he never wrote me, either

of that intention, or of his disappointment.—But what can that have to do with the death of my steward?"

"That I do not pretend to affirm—but—".

"But what?"—

"It was very strange that he was at Moulines; that he never wrote; that your steward was assassinated; that you was taken ill, as you describe; and, that there should have been a design to destroy you; all at one moment!"

"You suspect my brother?"

"No, son; I will not absolutely accuse him; even thus indirectly: it would ill become one of my habit to judge so harshly, where there are such close ties both of consanguinity, and of fraternal bounty; but, considering all these points, as abstracted from such ties, I must confess circumstances would bias me, to be somewhat cautious in all my intercourse with a man, who could have the heart to—

The priest checked himself suddenly. The Count's curiosity was heightened, and he enjoined his reverend preceptor to explain.

It was in vain: the good father had imposed on himself a vow to conceal the cause of his retirement from Le Puy. The warmth of gratitude for the kindness he had experienced from the Count's father, and the sincere affection he entertained for his worthy son, had nearly dissolved the self-injunction, when the priest recollected he was on the brink of revealment.

"You seem to have been severely hurt on your forehead, Father?"

"Yes, son:—it was an accident."

The Countess had never seen Father Gregoire, nor the Chevalier de St. Hilaire, therefore could not judge, otherwise than from appearances, as to the criminal design the former had, thus obliquely, laid to the charge of her brother-in-law. She was, however, interested deeply for

the safety of her lord, and eagerly enquired, how long it was since the supposed plot was discovered?

"It was before our marriage, my dear."

Finding it was no recent matter, and considering it as, perhaps, only an imaginary danger, to which the Count and the priest gave such importance, she felt no further uneasiness, but with a smile observed,

"Then we are now tormenting ourselves with the shadow of former apprehensions?"

The Count seemed to be of the same opinion: Father Gregoire did not treat the subject with the same levity.

The presence of the servants, during dinner-time, prevented the progress of a conversation pregnant with interest.

The repast being finished, the Count proposed a walk; but the Countess preferred remaining within, on account of the excessive heat. The priest enquired

concerning the old Count's faithful African; which occasioned the Countess to ask, what prevented the attendance of Avril?

She was informed he was ill; but, thinking it prudent not to mention the absurd story then in circulation, regarding the devil and the horse, the Count barely observed, that Avril had met with a slight accident, but that he was fast recovering.

The priest was eager to see him, and requested permission to go to the poor fellow's chamber. Walking, for that purpose, with the Count into the yard, which it was necessary to cross before they could ascend the stairs leading to the servant's apartments, they found Ambrose and the landlord, who had just come out of the stables in which the Count's horses were put.

Ambrose made his bow, with his usual grin, to the priest, who returned him a

kind answer; attended with his benediction.

The landlord, addressing himself to the Count, said, "the haunted horse would never be worth a sous! He was assuredly possessed; and it was dangerous to retain such a beast; which could not fail, in the end, to do some dreadful mischief!"

"If your honour pleases to look at one the landlord has to sell," said Ambrose, "I think you will find him a good match for my off-horse, and we should travel in safety."

"You are mistaken, friend," said the landlord; "I do not want to dispose of the horse you wish so much to have; he is a fine animal, and I have refused many very enticing offers for him: however, in case your master is in distress, and cannot get one elsewhere, it would be unbecoming in me to withhold assisting the gentleman; who I dare say would give me a fair price."

"Is my horse injured?" asked the Count.

"He is no longer a horse," answered the landlord, "but a fiend, and not to be trusted: "your servant would be wrong to get on his back."

"That I never will again," said Ambrose.

The Count frowned at his servant's presumption; and, shewing the way, led the priest to Avril's apartment.

The moment Avril saw him, he broke through all restraint; and, exclaiming "My massa's massa!" would have jumped out of bed, had not Philip, placing the stump of his arm across the African's breast, kept him back.

Father Gregoire seated himself on the bed, and enquired of the Count how the accident had happened; the latter was unable to satisfy him; but Avril, regardless of all his sufferings, and eager to disburthen himself of the intelligence he

pante[illegible] to give to his master, said, "Me see D[illegible]ikum, makee horse gallop, him ran away from Avril, him horses tumble!"

The Count, who knew something of the [illegible], could not exactly comprehend how Avril had got hurt, it was doubly unintelligible to father Gregoire; who, by his looks, seemed to expect more information from the master than from the man.

The Count, having first enjoined strict silence to Avril, and sending Philip out of the way, on some slight pretext, explained to the priest the manner in which the Dominican had been first seen at Nion; and was about to relate the very extraordinary abruptness with which he had quitted them, when a tap at the door broke the thread of his narrative.

It was a lay-brother, who brought a note from the convent of Saint Dennis, situated about four miles from Corbiers, in the rich valley of Gryers, stating, that

the abbess, who was sister to Father Gregoire, was suddenly taken ill, and could not live many hours.

The priest excusing himself for his sudden departure, urging the very pressing occasion as his apology, went home in haste; whence taking with him a few medicines, and accompanied by a monk who had been brought up under the most eminent of the faculty, and had received his degrees at the Sorbonne, he lost not a moment in reaching the convent; hoping at least to arrive in time to administer the extreme unction.

"I have much to communicate," said Father Gregoire, "and will write you fully in a few days, directing my letter to Constance."

Ambrose would have persuaded the lay-brother to exorcise the unfortunate horse, but he pleaded haste; declaring too, that he could not be of the least service, as the devil would not quit his post,

except at the instance of one regularly admitted into holy-orders; he, however assured the timid driver, that he would request the superior of the monastery, to which the chapel was attached, to send a brother duly qualified, who could not fail to rid the animal of its infernal dominant.

In the mean time, by way of preventing further mischief, Ambrose placed a mass book at the horse's head, and suspended the landlady's Rosary over the stable door.

The horse did no further damage that night; although the priest never came to exorcise the dæmon which had taken up his residence within it.

The noble travellers had much conversation that evening, on the topic which had given them so much anxiety during the forenoon. The Countess did not very readily give belief to the alarming insinuations of the priest; whose manner she admired, so far as related to the dignity

and grace attendant on all his actions, as well as the humility, mixed with conscious rectitude, which pervaded every sentence he uttered; but, not being of a very religious turn, indeed rather disposed to disregard religious influence, she declaimed against the idle story; for such she termed what had been related to the Count; ridiculing it as a mere bug-bear, and unworthy of serious consideration.

The Count was happy to observe that his lady had resumed her wonted affability, and used every endeavour to keep her in humour. He joined, or affected to do so, in the sentiments she had expressed; and facetiously adverted, on a thousand occasions, to his late apprehensions.

The doctor had attended in the evening, when seeing how much his patient was recovered, he honestly informed the Count, that, his functions should cease; as, under the common precaution, nature would speedily do all that was needful.

Struck with the candour of the declaration, the Count tendered a handsome present to the doctor, who could not by any means be induced to accept more than his ordinary fee; which was very moderate. The Count would have made up in compliments, what he thought should have been discharged in money; but the good man told him there was no occasion for so much praise; he had done his duty, and he was satisfied with a small income; he was in a cheap country, was born at Corbiers, in which his ancestors, for many generations, had lived and died.

"I am at home," said the worthy Swiss;" my relatives, of all descriptions, are around me; my children are beloved by their neighbours, and they can earn enough to maintain them in an innocent mode of living. Half this town has been built by those from whom my good old wife and myself are descended; and, though we have not built, we have, by

good example, and attention to their health, caused others to do so.

"In one word; Pierre Lorrain has the satisfaction to know, that he can never want; while, on the other hand, he has it in his power to do much good among his neighbours."

The Count shook the old doctor by the hand: they parted; the latter to his peaceable home, the former to ruminate on the contrast between their situations.

"Half of Corbiers built by the family of Lorrain; who lives to enjoy the happiness thus created, and diffused!—Half of Le Puy built by the family of St. Hilaire; whose descendant is doomed to persecution, and to banishment!"

'Twas a bitter thought: the idea of being in Corbiers was not pleasing to the Count. He expressed as much to the Countess; who was extremely desirous of getting to the end of their journey.

"My dear Count, we will, if you please, go on to morrow."

"That is impossible: Avril is too ill to sit on the box."

"Perhaps the landlord can assist us with a driver."

"'Tis an excellent suggestion," said the Count; "but I fear he will not be willing to do any thing towards getting us forward:—I will try, however."

The maitre d'hotel was passing along the corridor; the Count beckoned to him: he hastened his pace.

"*Que plait il, Monsieur?*"

"We were thinking," said the Count, of going on to morrow, but—

"True," said the innkeeper, "your horse cannot—nay he will not proceed."

"How do you know that?" said the Count, inquisitively.

"Because," replied the arch rogue, "the devil will not let him."

The Countess smiled, and looked the landlord in the face with a very significant cast of her eye. He felt the insinuation.

"*En verite*, madame, no horse that is possessed by a devil will stir: nor will your postillion mount him."

"Have you any person," said the Count, "who can drive upon a box."

"Certainly, all my people can do that: it is their bnsiness to drive either box or post."

"Then, my dear, we will take Avril into the coach, and our landlord will be so kind as to let us have a man to drive as far as Thun."

"But, monsieur, none of my people will have any thing to do with the haunted horse."

"Then you should discharge them."

The landlord could not interfere in ecclesiastical matters: it was an affair of conscience, and he should consider himself to be the author of all damage that might ensue: but, if monsieur chose to *buy* a horse, he would sell him one, for a hundred louis, that would exactly match.

The Count was displeased, frowned, and wished the inn-keeper a good night.

The inn-keeper took the hint, and withdrew.

Ambrose, with pretended attention, and smothering a laugh, in which he had joined with all who heard the inn-keeper relating the preceding dialogue, came to ask the Count for orders.

The Count directed, that every thing should be in readiness to proceed early in in the morning.

Ambrose bowed respectfully, but could scarcely keep his countenance: he went to the inn-keeper who, surrounded by his satellites, kept the inn-yard in a roar with laughter.

"This is provoking, my dear Count."

"Yes, but I think it is far from being insuperable."

He took his hat and cane, and leaving the inn, approached a small family groupe,

who were singing an anthem in a little patch of garden that stood in front of a neat cottage. After hearing their performance, the Count enquired for the residence of Doctor Lorrain?

"It is at the back of the chapel; where you see that little portico—you cannnot mistake:—shall we send for him? he will come instantly."

The Count preferred going to the doctor: it was a fine moon-light night, and the freshness of the air was gratifying.

He found the good man seated at a little table, covered with the fruits in season; his wife was partitioning out the contents of a capacious bowl, among a number of young men and women, whose features indicated they were about to partake of parental bounty.

Seeing the Count enter, the doctor arose to receive him; not in a formal manner, but with the most heartfelt satisfaction. He considered the visit as an

honour; and deemed himself fortunate in having the opportunity of welcoming one of whom he entertained a good opinion.

Being seated, the Count explained the occasion of his visit, and solicited the doctor's advice as to the best mode of getting forward the next morning. The doctor felt for the dilemma, but could not help smiling at the whimsical circumstances with which it was attended. "I was afraid, added he, that before you might leave that inn, you would find cause to complain of Monsieur Le Grand: he is a notorious character, and you must compound for various devices, and impositions, which he will practise upon you without mercy."

"That," said the Count, "travellers must occasionally expect; but I am resolved, if possible, to leave Corbiers early in the morning."

"I see nothing to prevent you," said the doctor; "all you want is a driver, and

and I think we can easily supply you, by sending to some of our neighbours."

"Why do so?" said the good woman; "you know our Robert is an excellent whip, and would be proud of the honour. Besides, he is to set out on Tuesday for Constance: therefore, if the gentleman can make it convenient to stay for an hour, or so, in the morning, that we may get the parcel you are to send completed, it will be just the thing."

Robert put down his horn spoon and his bason, and, turning round to the Count, exhibited as fine a figure, and as handsome a countenance as he had ever beheld. The lad made his obeisance, accompanied by the offer to drive, in such terms as pleased their noble guest extremely.

In five minutes the affair was settled; in five more the Count found himself quite at his ease; and in five more he was partaking of a rustic supper with his

new friends; who evinced the most unaffected regret when he took his leave.

The morning came: Robert was ready at the inn, and breakfasted with the Count; whose lady was charmed with the ease and politeness of his address. She thought it a great pity that he should be on the box, while a black servant was to ride within. However, she felt the necessity, and very handsomely complimented him on the kind assiduity he evinced to set them on their journey.

Ambrose, who thought that either the Count was not serious in his intention to depart so early, if at all; or that he should be able to raise some objection, which, aided by the landlord's wits, might delay them for some days; had not risen when the Countess made her appearance at the breakfast table.

Philip was not of a disposition to see the orders of his superiors treated with indifference; he therefore, in a manner

desty, raised him greatly in the opinion of the youth; who, though scarcely twenty years of age, knew how to distinguish merit from presumption: he was inwardly convinced, that Philip often spoke of his own exploits in the third person.

Perhaps he was right.

When he enquired of Philip, as to the number of years he had been with Monsieur Le Brun, and understood, in reply, how he was situated with the Count, Robert's admiration of that nobleman's disposition swelled into perfect veneration. He was affected at such an instance of philanthropy, and felt an attachment towards the man who could so nobly condescend to relieve distress.

The youth was going to Constance with some cloaths his mother had made up for a poor girl, who had been left an orphan under peculiar circumstances of distress. The object of his mission, added to Philip's adventures, the kind heart of the Count,

and the obvious attachment of the affectionate Avril, caused many a sigh, when he reflected that his journey would last but a few days!

A whole day's rest had refreshed the cattle greatly; so that they reached Thun with ease in time for a late dinner: they put up their horses at a farm-house, in which they were accomodated in rather a rough style, but with a hearty welcome. The only tolerable inn was completely occupied by a batallion of militia, assembled to be reviewed the next day.

Robert knew some of the officers, and in the evening went to pass an hour in their company. He returned to supper at the farmer's, where he found the Countess in a very bad humour with the provisions. She had not seen any apartment; but on enquiring for one was informed she must sleep where she was sitting; for that the good woman of the house had the gout; that her daughter had

been brought to bed only the preceding night; and that there were no rooms but what were thus occupied.

The youth hearing this, stept out, and among his friends soon effected his purpose. He stated the situation of the Count, and his lady in such terms, that the state bed chamber was immediately vacated by those to whose lot it had fallen, and a deputation from the gallant association waited upon the Countess, to invite her to the inn; where the best supper that could be provided was in readiness.

The Countess was delighted; the Count shook Robert by the hand.

Although the table could not boast of many delicacies, there was an abundance of good cheer; which, added to the hilarity attendant on the happy meeting of so many friends, rendered the change peculiarly agreeable to the Countess; who had already become tired of the journey, both on account of its object, and the want of

that extensive society, for which her chateau at Le Puy had been a kind of rendezvous.

The Count's mind was also relieved considerably by the changes of the day; they tended to chase away those dull and melancholy thoughts his situation naturally induced; and which were considerably reinforced by the mysterious manner of Father Gregoire.

He, on this occasion, gave such a loose to his natural vivacity, that the officers were quite charmed. His sallies were brilliant; they were the result of that invaluable combination produced by good sense, good manners, and good humour.

After many patriotic toasts and a variety of songs, chiefly on military themes, or of that plaintive description for which the Canton of Berne has been for ages celebrated, the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, hearing the clock strike twelve, tapping the floor with his cane,

which stood at his his elbow in a corner of the room, instant silence followed.

He addressed the Countess, requesting her pardon for what might perhaps appear a want of respect or of politeness, but which no doubt her good sense would judge was not improper; then beckoning to the waiter, the bill was produced and paid: those who chose to remain closed up towards the head of the table; the rest withdrew.

The Countess expressing a wish to repose, the maid appeared, and she was shewn into her chamber; the Count remained seated next to the Lieutenant Colonel, who was about forty years of age, of a ruddy complexion, and seemed to be more partial to his bottle than to his clergy.

He filled his glass, and exclaimed, "a bumper."

All present obeyed the mandate with alacrity, and the glasses were charged to

the brim. The president rose; the whole company followed his example: he gave for a toast,

"The glorious revolution in France; and the downfal of all monarchs."

The glasses were speedily emptied, and the room echoed with the zealous shouts of all but the Count; who, overcome by this abrupt attack upon a system he had so long endeavoured to uphold, and upon a character which he revered, neither drank off his wine, nor joined in the triumph.

The president reminded him of his omission; the Count pleaded sudden indisposition, and retired. Robert remained, and heard the various observations of the company; some of which were not very liberal. He took exception at an expression dropt by one of the youngest of the party; who seemed nettled at the expostulation Robert had used with regard to freedom of opinion, when the Lieutenant Colonel

interfered, and reproved the amiable youth for his want of enthusiasm.

Robert possessed a spirit not to be overcome by the supercilious looks, and sarcastic overbearing, of the field-officer; who was, however, speedily convinced he had not to deal with a boy. The former maintained his ground in a gentlemanlike manner; without taking advantage of the many openings given by the intemperate conduct of his opponent, to return the insults, which were conveyed, though not absolutely expressed.

The cool manner in which the youth rallied the president, completely foiled, but irritated him: and is was not until the latter dropt some hints about "boyish impertinence," and "chastising youthful wrong-heads," that Robert thought himself compelled to retreat.

The Count and Countess did not rise until the gentlemen, to whom they were indebted for their accomodations, had left

the inn, to march to the plain, where the corps was to be inspected. When the carriage was ready, they would have set off, but Robert was missing; however, he appeared in a few minutes. He would have ascended the box, but the Countess seeing him pale, and that his right arm was tied up, insisted upon his taking a seat within the carriage; observing, that Avril was well enough to resume his station.

This was accordingly done, and the party took the road to Lucerne, intending to breakfast at Schwartzec, about six miles from Thun. The Countess was particularly anxious to be informed of the occasion of Robert's arm being tied up.

"He was accompanying an officer, marching in the rear of his division, when one of the soldiers fell, and his bayonet being fixed, had penetrated the fleshy part of the arm; it was a slight wound, and had been bound up by the regimental

surgeon, who assured him, he might proceed on his journey without danger."

The Countess was overjoyed to find it was no worse; and, as well as the Count, felt great pleasure in having Robert within the carriage. Philip was far from pleased at losing his agreeable associate; but Avril was not averse to resuming his office; as, notwithstanding the great kindness and consideration of the Count, he was not so much at his ease in their presence, as when in company with the old soldier.

Ambrose felt no small pleasure, when he understood that Robert was to be an inside passenger: he did not care one sous about the cause, which, if it affected him at all, was rather on the side of pleasure. For it had happened, that, during their journey the preceding day, Philip could not refrain from expatiating a little on the mulish disposition of the postillion; which so attracted the long whip Robert was

furnished with, as to cause it, now and then, accidentally no doubt, to light upon the thighs and shoulders of Ambrose; who did not fail to inform the young coachman of his mistake; not, however with much effect: Robert, indeed, behaved with the utmost politeness, and never failed to apologise whenever Ambrose remonstrated.

Ambrose growled, Philip laughed, and Robert appeared to be extremely concerned!

They were not long in reaching Schwartzec, where they stopped to breakfast. When about to set off again, it was perceived, that one of the horses had lost a shoe, which it was absolutely necessary to replace. Robert did not at all relish the delay, any more than his companions, but he said nothing; though now and then he would, from a window, which commanded a view of the country they had come over, appear to examine,

with some anxiety, the general objects that successively came within view.

At length, he saw two horsemen coming at a great rate over a distant hill, about three miles back on the road they had travelled. This occasioned perceptible anxiety in the youth; who, when the Count expressed his concern at seeing him so uneasy, answered, that it was nothing more than a momentary excess of pain, induced by having struck his wounded arm against the frame of the window.

The shoe being adjusted, the party entered the carriage. At that moment a heavy shower of rain fell, causing the Countess to draw up the glass on the side where she sat, *vis-a-vis* to Robert; who was highly pleased at her doing so, as he perceived the two horsemen, who did not stop at the inn, coming up very fast.

The youth lay close in the corner, pretending to be drowsy, though he kept his eyes half open, to observe whether or

not he knew the horsemen. They were both officers of the batallion which was to have been inspected that morning at Thun, but he could not distinguish their persons.

In consequence of the absence of the Lieuteuant Colonel, which could not be accounted for, as also of the Adjutant, and of the Regimental Surgeon, the inspection was deferred until the next day; when it was doubted whether the absentees could possibly excuse themselves, for so extraordinary a neglect of duty.

It is impossible to express the satisfaction Robert felt, on seeing the officers pass the carriage, without making any enquiry for him: he resumed his chearfulness, and received the congratulations of the Countess on the relief he seemed to feel, from the severe pain which had oppressed him.

Imagine his surprise, when, after having proceeded about four miles, he

saw the same officers returning down a a lane, and heard them call to Avril to stop. Avril obeyed; and the horsemen came up to the sides of the carriage, and required to know, whether Robert was within it.

The gallant youth immediately shewed himself, and was agreeably surprised to find they were his most intimate acquaintances. They said they were in search of the Lieutenant Colonel, the Adjutant, and the Doctor, who could neither be found nor heard of.

One of them hinted, that possibly Robert might know were to find them: the remark agitated him considerably; however, thinking he could trust his friends with the secret, he shewed them his arm, and stated, that the last time he had seen the Lieutenant Colonel, was while the *assemblez* was beating for the batallion to fall in for the inspection.

The officers were concerned to see his

condition, they shook hands, and, without asking any more questions, took their leave, urging him to keep as much concealed as he could; further assuring him they would throw the whole pursuit, if any should be made, into a wrong direction.

The Count felt much for his brave companion; while the Countess suffered the greatest agony from her apprehension for Robert's fate. Avril was urged to lose no time, and to reach Lucerne with all safe expedition. He had heard the conversation with the officers; and, following both his master's commands, and the dictates of his own partiality for the young corporal, made Ambrose keep up a smart pace; shewing him, at Philip's instance, the pliant thong, of which he had the day before repeatedly tasted.

It being a delicate point to enquire into the occasion of the duel the Count forebore to press the subject in such manner as should compel Robert to disclose

the particulars; he only expressed his anxiety as to the actual extent of the wound; urging that no time should be lost in procuring professional aid.

Robert assured the Count it was not a serious hurt; it had, he said, been dressed by the surgeon of the regiment, who was distantly related by marriage, and who expressed no apprehension whatever as to the result. The youth added, that nothing but absolute necessity could have urged him to the rencontre, nor to the exertion of his skill in fencing; but finding that his adversary was bent on his destruction, he considered it a duty to himself, to his family, and to the world, to punish so blood-thirsty a tyrant.

"Then," said the Countess, "you was obliged to kill him."

"No, Madam, I hope his situation will not prove so desperate: I undergo enough in considering the pain and remorse he must feel from the effects

of his insolence. The surgeon encouraged me with the hope that Colonel Meuron would in time recover.

"Meuron, say you?"

"Yes, Madam, his name is Meuron; he is the brother of Monsieur Meuron, farmer-general of the posts."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the Count.

"Meuron!" exclaimed the Countess.

The whole party became for a time mute: the Countess was somewhat affected at the circumstance; the Count was extremely afflicted; and poor Robert experienced the most mortifying confusion and distress. He concluded, that in lieu of kindness and respect, he should experience that sort of distant, cool, forbidding politeness, which is doubly painful: but he was mistaken.

The Count had a soul above such petty resentments; he considered the case as his own, and; notwithstanding the result, applauded that conduct, which was ne-

cessary towards the defence and support of honour. His lady was attracted by different motives; she admired Robert's person, as much as the Countdid his principles.

Consideration for Robert's situation, induced the Count to push on to Lucerne; without stopping in the way longer than was necessary to give the horses a little water. The rain had laid the dust, and cooled the air; which rendered their day's journey extremely pleasant.

The Count suggested to Robert the necessity for writing to his friends; who would probably hear of the duel, and be particularly anxious to learn the cause, as well as the issue, of the dispute. The hint was however, unnecessary; for, before Robert quitted Thun, he had written, briefly stating the necessary circumstances, and expressing his intention to keep out of the way, in the Austrian dominions, until he should learn that Colonel Meuron was out of danger.

This information pleased the Count in two respects: it proved that Robert had a good heart; and it offered the best opportunity for his continuance with them to the end of their journey. This was proposed to Robert; whose gratitude was expressed in handsome terms.

The Countess was not the least pleased of the three at this occurrence.

Intelligence of the supposed misconduct of the several persons before specified, together with the delay in the inspection of the batallion, had reached Lucerne before the Count's carriage arrived there. His servants were completely ignorant of the accident; and, as they persisted in their negative, when asked the particulars, the matter was doubted, until an express came with information, that Colonel Meuron was found dangerously wounded; and that search was making, towards Soleure, after the person with whom he had fought.

However much the latter part of the

communication pleased the Count, he considered that Robert's situation was not devoid of danger, so long as he remained within the limits of the Cantons: nor, indeed, did he altogether hold himself to be in a state of perfect security, until he should pass Constance; when he would be within the pale of the Austrian dominions.

Happily, there was no necessity for changing the dressings of Robert's wound; the surgeon having particularly enjoined, that, unless a fever ensued, the bandages should not be displaced, for at least two days. The wrapper that was outside his coat was removed; he put on the Count's surtout, which did not incommode him; and so well did he bear up against his misfortune, that no person could have supposed him to have received a wound completely through the muscles on the upper limb of his arm.

The landlord was interrogated by the

Count as to the distance from Lucerne to Constance?

"It is a long journey."—

"What kind of a road?"

"Very bad!"—

"Then I shall want an additional pair of horses to-morrow morning at day-light," said the Count.

"I fear you cannot have them; a courier passed through the town this morning from the Valais, with intelligence of some disturbances in that quarter; and I am under the necessity of keeping all my horses at home, that they may be at the service of our government, in case my regiment should be ordered to march."

"What," said the Count, "you belong to a regiment then?"

"I command one!" said the inn-keeper; raising his crest, and seating himself, without ceremony, near the Count.

Robert thought nothing of this want of respect; but the Countess, who was a great advocate for the dignity of the noblesse,

even when exiled, looked at the Count with such significance as made him uneasy, lest she should offend the inn-keeper; on whose good will it entirely depended whether, or not, they should reach Constance the next day.

"I presume you will be obliged to march with your regiment?"

The inn-keeper smiled, and assured the Count he never left home but when matters grew very serious, and that his professional abilities were in requisition.

The Count paid the corps several compliments; pretending to have made many observations on the air, and figure, of several belonging to it, as he entered the town. Robert turned aside his head, and laughed; his eyes met those of the Countess, who was not displeased at the rencontre, and smiled in her most pleasant manner!

After a little conversation, highly gratifying to the proprietor of the Golden Eagle, but rather distressing to the Count,

who was impatient to adjust the point relative to the additional pair, it was at length, in a very important manner, conceded by the former, that the party should be supplied.

The inn-keeper, having looked at himself in the glass, made a half bow, and left the room to give the necessary orders.

The Count was divided in his mind as to the route he should follow; it appeared to him, that, in all probability, he should find persons at Zurich ready to apprehend him. That road was indisputably the shortest and the best; two points of great importance to all who travel, but particularly to such as are in haste.

On the other hand, by taking the mountainous road to Appenzel, and passing the lake of Zurich at Raperswil, it was more than probable the pursuers would be completely thrown out; whereby the party would gain time to cross the Rhine above the lake of Constance, and thus enter the Tyrol.

The latter consideration was important, and would probably have swayed the Count, who felt the greatest interest in Robert's safety; but the mysterious letter, left by the Dominican at Moudon, so greatly excited his curiosity, that he proposed to run all hazards, rather than forego the satisfaction of tracing that subject to its source.

"I think," said the Countess, "you may, by adopting a very easy expedient, make sure of both points. Suppose you were to write your address, and send it by the post to be left at Constance, and take us to St. Gal. Those places, I think you said were not more than ten or twelve miles apart; and you can send Philip from St. Gal, to enquire if there should be any letters for you. He will be glad to see his daughter."

The plan was plausible, but the Count felt at a loss how to give his address.

Robert perceiving there were some

secret circumstances on which his friends wished to commune, retired to bed; pleading the necessity of attending to some hints given by his arm, which implied that rest was necessary.

In his absence it was finally settled, that the Count should send off a letter by that night's post, desiring the post-master at Constance to forward all letters which should arrive there, for Monsieur Le Brun, to St. Gal; and to inform such as might enquire for that gentleman, of the directions that had been left.

The Count intended to leave word at the inn, where he should stop at St. Gal, to forward all letters thus arriving, to Merburg: for he entertained no doubt but the Dominican, if he were intent on mischief, would be prepared on the western side of Constance, on the several roads passing through Stein, Schaffhausen, &c.: whereas, by crossing the lake of Constance

to the southward of that town, the Count would escape whatever snares might be laid for him.

This admirable plan was warmly approved by the Countess; who, when her husband had written his letter, proposed to take a walk about the town. It was a cool evening; and, though not very light, the regularity of the buildings, and the excellence of the police, so far as related to cleanliness, were perfectly distinguishable.

On the skirts of the town they saw a boy, about twelve years of age, on a horse, going very slowly the same way as themselves; which was on the road to Zurich. They had not proceeded far, when the lad, who was about fifty yards before them, stopped at the corner of a by lane, as though waiting for some-body.

No person appeared for upwards of five minutes, during which the Count and his lady stood under the eaves of an old

barn unperceived. At length a man on horseback was seen coming up the lane: the boy whistled; the man answered in the same manner.

He was mounted on a grey horse, and had on a very large blue cloak, which came down to his feet.

"Well," said the man, "what route do they take?"

"By Zurich," answered the lad.

"How many of them are there?"

"Only six: the Count, his lady, and a young gentleman within; their postillion, a one armed fellow, and a black coachman."

"A young gentleman? why who can that be?"

"I don't know."

"Well, well," answered the man, "lose no time, but push on, and give notice."

The riders separated: the boy galloped on towards Zurich; the man returned the same way he had come.

"So;" said the Count, "this looks rather suspicious."

The Countess was alarmed; she thought it best to stay a few days, and to give notice to the government; but on her husband's reminding her, that he had been mentioned as Count, not as Monsieur Le Brun, or as any stranger, she agreed with him in the expediency of preserving perfect silence on the occasion; and of deceiving all the persons about the inn, as to the route they should follow.

"We will take the extra horses but two miles out of the town, and, under pretence of proceeding only to Zurich, send them back. I see by the map in our dining apartment, that a road branches off to the right from Seins, which which goes direct to Raperswill; that we can follow, and thus avoid the plan we may be certain is laid for our destruction."

"That will do," answered the Countess; "but I wish you had not sent off your letter."

"Oh! that can do no harm; we shall be over the lake before it is delivered to the Dominican, who I dare swear will not reach Constance these two days."

In the morning, however, they were released from the little embarrassment they had felt, as to getting rid of the pair of horses with which the landlord had promised to assist them: that gentleman having, no doubt with the view to pecuniary extortion, altered his mind. He was up, and received the amount of a most unconscionable bill, which the Count did not particularly examine; he being eager to get out of the town as expeditiously as possible.

By way of deceiving the landlord, whose manner indicated his being easily swayed, either by flattery, or by profit, the Count said he expected some letters to arrive that day, directed to the Golden Eagle, which he requested might be forwarded by an express to Zurich; where, in

consideration of the want of horses, it was his intention to put up for the night.

They made the best of their way out of the town, and drove, as fast as the horses could trot, until they had turned out of the main road; when, as their way lay through a deep wood, that overhung the top of the carriage, so as to incommode those on the box, they slackened their pace; thinking themselves to be completely concealed from view, and that no further danger existed as to their being intercepted.

The clouds that had impended the evening before, were now borne, owing to their encreased weight, with great difficulty by the wind, which blew with some force. They had already passed the Laret which, deriving its source from the Lake of Zug, and joining the Aar, near Baden, empties itself into the Rhine, opposite to the strong little fortress of Waldshut.

Every thing indicated a storm: the

waters of the lake were agitated; the mountains, surrounding it in part, were completely covered with mist; the sun was obscured, though a certain red tint on the atmosphere, served to point out its locality; the water-fowl were on the wing, restless and uttering the most harsh notes; the trees vibrated as the wind whistled among their boughs; the flocks and herds were seen running towards their places of shelter; and the whole face of nature indicated some violent change.

"I wish," said Avril, "him lend me him cloak."

"'Twould cover us both," answered Philip.

"What him have business in such place, and dis time?"

"These parts," said Philip, "are full of hunters, who are, perhaps, the boldest, and the best horsemen in the world; they range all the countries laying at the foot of the Alps, and chief-

ly frequent the Tyrol at this time of the year."

"But," observed Avril, "him ridy round him top of hill; me think him look for some-body."

"'Tis to watch the game."

"I tink, Philip, him look like rogue; him robber; him watch for massa: massa say to day, 'Avril you look for him bad man.' Massa say him country got great many tief. I tink me tell massa."

"Do as you like, Avril; but I assure you he is a hunter of the Alps."

"Him look like d—d rogue; him come hang, by and by."

Avril stopped the coach; and giving his reins to Philip, dismounted, to point out the object of apprehension to the Count; who, looking out of the left window, saw, at about five hundred yards distance, a man mounted and dressed, as near as he could judge, precisely the same as him who had the night before conversed with the lad outside the town.

The hill on which the horseman paraded was rather conical; but towards the top there was a flat, that enabled him to proceed with ease to the other side. The situation was peculiarly eligible for a look-out, and had, to all appearance, been formerly occupied as a post; for the remains of a tower on its summit, and of entrenchments along its face, were still distinguishable.

The horseman's attention seemed to be particularly directed towards the great road from Lucerne to Zurich, which the hill commanded in many parts, where, owing to local circumstances, the track was fairly exposed to view. It was supposed he had not as yet seen the carriage; which, however, would not remain long concealed, as it had to cross an extensive plain, before they could arrive at the narrow part of the lake of Zurich, where it is crossed by a bridge, more than a quarter of a mile in length, opposite to the town of Rapperswil.

Considering all circumstances, the Count judged it expedient to make every preparation without delay: accordingly the fire-arms were all fresh loaded. Ambrose was furnished with a pair of pistols; but he looked so white when he received them, with directions to buckle on the holsters, that Philip doubted whether the fellow had spirit to use them.

The veteran was provided with a pair, to place in a girdle, and Avril was furnished in a similar manner. A blunderbuss lay between them on the box, and at each fore-corner of the coach was another, suspended by slings, from which they could be easily disengaged.

Robert was armed with sword and pistols, on the receipt of which the brave lad appeared enlivened; for the Count had not, till then, said a word to him of the apprehended danger, for various reasons: the Count was equipped in an ample manner.

Every thing being ready, Avril was directed to get forward with all expedition; for which indeed the menaces of the lowering clouds would have been sufficient reason: it was further enjoined, both to Ambrose and to those on the box, not to stop on any account; but in case of attack, to put the horses to their speed, and rush through every attempt at detention.

Obedient to the directions given, the timid Ambrose gave his horses a loose rein, and speedily entered the plain, Philip and Avril pretending not to pay attention to the man on the hill; who was, however, narrowly watched by the Count and Robert.

The appearance of the coach in that quarter, attracted the notice of the horseman, who, on seeing it, descended from the summit, as fast as the declivity allowed; then galloping towards the vehicle, and drawing the flap of his leather

cap low down upon his face, so as to overshadow and conceal his features, he approached near enough to examine the persons within.

He then re-ascended the hill, and alighting from his horse, entered the remains of the tower, which appeared to be inhabited, though in a very decayed state, and in less than a minute returned with a small flag, or banner, of white linen, which he waved in the air; at intervals sounding a very large bugle, which he had brought out with the banner.

The sounds went through Ambrose's heart: he looked back every moment, and appeared alarmed at the voices of his companions.

"We shall want another pair of horses, Ambrose?"

The postillion gave Philip a look, that would have been the index to his mind, had the latter not been completely possessed by thoughts, which precluded the

entrance of every passion, except that of fear.

By noon they reached the western end of the bridge; but found it to be so completely rotten, and the boards of which it was constructed so loose, that even Philip allowed it was not passable. This was a most unexpected delay; for the Count, fearful of exciting the curiosity of those whom he interrogated concerning the roads, had carefully avoided all mention of those particulars which were most necessary to be known. He trusted to maps for the direction of his route, and, perhaps naturally enough, concluded, that where roads led through a country intersected by numerous rivers, there could not be wanting bridges, or ferries, adequate to the transportation of whatever carriages could travel those roads.

But the Count reasoned as all men would, who had been brought up in a country abounding with merchandise.

He forgot, that in Switzerland there were very few exports, and that the imports were still fewer, in consequence of the great moderation of the inhabitants, in regard to their living, their dress, and their simple style of furnishing houses.

Happy people; who live in the midst of corn, wine, and oil!

The researches of Philip, aided by the kind attentions of an old woman, inhabiting a small hut, procured for the travellers a few eggs, and a little milk; for which they were sincerely thankful, and recompensed the poor soul liberally. But this little supply did not contribute in the least to abate their anxiety, as to the circumstances which had excited so much alarm; especially as it was found utterly impossible to get a boat, either of sufficient size, or at all calculated to carry the coach and horses over the lake.

If indeed such a vessel had been in readiness, the dreadful appearance above

their heads would have rendered it inadvisable to trust themselves on a large expanse of water, subject to those hurricanes, which sometimes sweep abruptly down the sides of the mountains, tearing up immense trees, and hurling large fragments of rock into the vallies.

Various were the Count's determinations under such very critical circumstances. At one time he thought it would be best to proceed along the western side of the lake, and enter boldly into Zurich, then within an hour's journey; but on mentioning this to his lady, she argued so very forcibly, and offered such cogent reasons against the measure, that he abandoned it.

He then proposed to send the carriage round to Rapperswil, making the tour of the south-easterly end of the lake, and crossing the bridge at Utznach, under the guidance of the servants and Philip; while, with his lady and Robert, he should either

walk over the bridge, or be rowed over the lake, in a small fishing-boat which lay close to them.

The Countess, however, firmly opposed this plan; preferring to go in the coach round the end of the lake, and, after reaching Utznach, to push on to Appenzel, which, with the aid of another pair of horses, might be reached before night.

This was accordingly adopted, as a happy suggestion. The horses being refreshed by a good feed, and the whole party in tolerable spirits, for the Count reckoned upon this as another baulk to his enemies, they soon turned the end of the lake, and arrived at Utznach, where they procured a pair of good horses; and after a very little detention were in a fair way to get the start of all pursuers.

They had scarcely left the inn, when the big drops began to fall from the immense clouds, which, impelled by a furious wind at their backs, were scudding fast, but

not very high over their heads. The storm gradually increased; the rain fell in torrents, causing every little rill to swell into a rapid stream, pregnant with danger, and, at times, threatening to hurry the horses and carriage down their impetuous course.

Nor were they without additional alarms, when, as the sudden flashes of lightning illumined the air, and displayed to them the awful situation in which they were placed, a deep chasm appeared along the road side, such as, even under favourable circumstances, would have rendered the utmost precaution necessary.

Fortunately the hired postillion knew the road well, and, being a steady careful driver, led the way with great precision; Ambrose following, with perfect resignation, happy in being under the guidance of any person who would undertake to lead him out of a difficulty, such as he had never before experienced.

The great delay occasioned by pass-

ing the end of the lake, which was far more round about than had been described, the waiting for horses, and the very hilly country they had to travel through, made a great difference between their expectations, and the issue of their speculation. The sun was already set behind the mountains of Schwits, when the storm was raging in its full force; and they had not, as yet, reached the little town of Geselbach, which was not more than five miles from Utznach.

They could gain but little on their way under such circumstances; while they were, at the same time, exposed to the fury of the elements, and every moment in danger of being crushed by the fall of vast fragments from the rocks, that strewed the road, rendering it almost impassable.

At length the horses became restive; they would not proceed, nor was it safe to urge them, among such a variety of impediments, and in a situation where, in the event of

their proving troublesome to guide, immediate destruction must ensue.

The Countess exerted herself wonderfully; she endeavoured to suppress those feelings which the variety of reflections combating in her mind, could not fail to induce: but her fortitude was not equal to so desperate a situation; and it was with great concern, that the Count perceived her spirits gradually giving place to apprehension.

The wind had now shifted round, so as oppose itself directly to their progress, which was considered as rather a fortunate event: for the Count thought it would be better to return to the inn; it being allowed by all, that no chance remained of reaching Appenzel that night, and it was doubtful whether, even if they should get so far, the small town of Geselbach would afford them accommodations equal to what they could have at Utznach.

Uncomfortable as retrocession was under

such circumstances, yet, it being absolutely necessary, the party made up their minds to the expedient, and the carriage being fortunately on a little plain which was broad enough for the purpose, Philip dismounted, and by gentle usage induced the leaders to turn round; Ambrose's pair followed their example, and by degrees the coach was got about; not, however, without considerable difficulty, on account of the stones, and boughs, with which the way was strewed.

The Count desired the post-boy to move on very slowly, which the latter did with great care; but they had scarcely proceeded a quarter of a mile, before a violent gust of wind, rushing between two mountains on their right, overturned a large pine; which, falling straight across the road, put a complete stop to their retreat.

It was extremely lucky that the horses were, at that moment, so confined be-

tween two banks, the road having been cut with great labour through the base of a craggy mass, that they could not possibly do any injury to the carriage. The suddenness of the accident, added to the loud thunder and vivid lightnings which then accompanied the rain, so alarmed the Countess, that she fell into a deep swoon; nor could all the exertions of the Count, and his young companion, produce any symptoms of restoration.

The abrupt falling back of the leaders upon the middle pair, happened at a moment when Ambrose was in the midst of a very fervent application to the Virgin; he had quitted his reins, for the purpose of placing his hands in a supplicating posture, when, being totally off his guard, he was unhorsed, and lighted with his shoulder against a thorn-bush, that bordered the bank on the left side of the road.

The accident gave no one much uneasiness; especially as it was not attended

with any injury, and Ambrose was about to remount his beast, grumbling about "travelling at night nobody knew where;" when the Count, judging it prudent to debar the possibility of mischief, caused all the horses to be loosed from the carriage.

This being done, and the whole six given in charge to Ambrose and the post-boy, Philip, and Avril were desired by the Count to shelter themselves wherever they could.

They accordingly got in, as well as the space allowed, between the body of the carriage and the box, throwing the hammer-cloth over their heads, and forming a canopy, by no means to be despised under such unpropitious circumstances.

Ambrose crept under the bank, where he found a little hollow; while his companion, who had frequently experienced much bad usage from the weather, and, who had, on perceiving what was likely to happen, taken many wise precautions, not forgetting a small bottle of good brandy,

which he had stuck into his pocket, sat very contentedly on his horse, and took care to avail himself of the provision with which he was supplied.

The good lad, however, did not act in so selfish a manner as, probably, Ambrose would have done in a similar case; but with much kindness invited his bruised compeer to partake of his supply. The latter was a little sore, and was comparatively in good quarters, but the invitation was too agreeable to be neglected: between them the little bottle soon gave up the ghost.

By degrees the violence of the storm subsided, though it still blew very fresh. The wind was, however, serviceable in dispelling the clouds; which, having discharged so much of their contents, were driven with considerable velocity back to their parent quarter.

The moon, now rather past its full, at times darted her beams through

the irregular intervals, and offered her welcome aid towards extricating the travellers from the dilemma in which they were so aukwardly placed.

Aided by her light, Avril and Philip turned the coach once more round to its original direction; the horses were put to, and Ambrose, leaving the middle pair to follow their leaders, assisted Philip; who having seen that all was right about the harness, preceded the coach, for the purpose of removing the various impediments which the storm had thrown in the way.

In this manner they advanced rather more than a mile, surmounting many difficulties, and not a little pleased to hear the clock of the little town of Geselbach, when they were suddenly accosted by a man on horseback, accompanied by four others on foot, who seemed, by their coming from under a huge impending rock, to have taken refuge there during the storm. They were all completely armed.

The horseman called to them to stop, and posted himself in the middle of the road. Philip drew forth a pistol, and Ambrose endeavoured to do the same, but his hand shook so that he could not effect his purpose.

The Count threw open the coach door, and, followed by Robert, each taking a blunderbuss, ran forward to join Philip and Ambrose.

"You cannot proceed," said the horseman.

"We must, and will;" answered the Count, cocking his piece, "so stand out of the way, or take the consequence."

"Sir," repeated the horseman, "you cannot pass the river Thur, which is scarce a stone's throw before you; the bridge is now completely under water, and the torrent runs with such excessive violence, that I fear, we shall find in the morning, the whole building has been swept away."

This information was extremely unwel-

come to the Count, who feared greatly for the consequences of so untoward a train of accidents.

He, however, thanked the stranger for his kindness in warning them of the accident; and learning that his party, which appeared to consist of soldiers, were proceeding towards Appenzel, requested to be informed whether he was acquainted with the country, and if he knew of any place where accommodations could be procured for his lady, whose situation he described.

The stranger said he was n officer in the Turgaw cavalry, returning from Utznach with a small party of soldiers, who belonged to the same corps, but were dismounted, owing to their horses having been lamed in crossing the mountains, and that they had left them at Utznach: the officer knew of no place whatever on that side the river, nearer than the last mentioned town, to which he was about to return,

and recommended to the Count to do the same; offering to accompany, and to give all the assistance his men could render, in getting over that formidable bar to the progressof the carriage, already mentioned.

Utterly at a loss for a better alternative, the Count had just signified his assent, when the barking of a dog led him to hope that some cottage at least was at hand: the bleating of sheep gave strength to the opinion, and made him anticipate the pleasure of seeing his lady placed in a safe situation. She had recovered a little, and was enquiring of Robert, who stood at the carriage door, as to the matter in agitation.

At the desire of the officer, two of the party ascended the cliff that stood a little way out of the road, for the purpose of finding the shepherd, who was, no doubt, close at hand; it being the custom never to quit their flocks day or night; on account of the number of wolves that infest

all the countries laying near the mountains; in which, as well as among the deep ravines formed by the currents descending from them, those ferocious animals find abundant shelter.

The two soldiers had not proceeded far, when the dog approaching them in a very bold manner, and barking violently, the owner, who was afraid he would fly at them, called to him to come in. The sound of the old man's voice was, under the pressure of such uncomfortable circumstances, quite a cordial to the Count, who lost no time in acquainting the Countess with their good fortune.

The shepherd could not be discerned for some time, though the soldiers heard his voice, and were convinced he was close at hand; at length enquiring where the devil he had concealed himself, he called to them to advance towards the remains of an immense beech, which had lost all its foilage, and had only a few of the larger boughs remaining.

In the body of this tree, which time had completely excavated, the good old man had fixed a board, that served him for a bench, whereon he sat, wrapped up in a large cloak, having by his side a strong pike. His dog's neck was armed with an Alpine collar, to secure his throat from the bites of wolves; with which the faithful animal often had severe skirmishes, in defence of his master's charge.

"We have had but a bad night of it, masters;" said the shepherd.

"Bad indeed," answered one the soldiers; "the river is terribly high, and roars like a battery."

"It does so, I see the the water is tolerably up;" rejoined the shepherd.

"Tolerably, do you call it; why, it is over the bridge, which I suppose it will soon carry away."

"Oh! no; this is nothing to what I have known it; why, I onee saw it, let me see, 'tis now full sixty-two years ago, just

before I was enrolled in the militia; aye, I once saw it full seven feet higher then it is now. Carry away the bridge! No, no; I warrant you that will never happen; it has stood two hundred years, and I don't see why such a little swell as this should break it."

"But, my good fellow," said the soldier who had before spoken, "can you tell us where we can get housed for the night?"

"Housed?" said the shepherd, looking at them attentively.

"Yes; there is a lady in a coach close under the cliff, who cannot get on to Geselbach, any more than ourselves; she is very ill, and we are anxious to get her a shelter for the night."

"How many of you are there?"

"Why, that I can't exactly say, but I believe near a dozen."

"By St. Nicholas!" said the herd, "I know not what we can do with so many of

ye; if, indeed, there had been but two, or three, why, perhaps, my Teresa, who is as good a soul as ever fell on her knees, might have been able to do something; but to so many, we poor folks have not the possible means of giving assistance; and after all, 'tis but a homely place."

The shepherd now rose from his seat, and, ordering his dog to look after the flock, desired the soldiers to walk with him down the bank; for his eyes were none of the best, and he could not descend without assistance.

They soon got to the side of the carriage, where they found the officer sitting on the step, the door being open, conversing with the Count, who was seated next his lady: she was extremely ill, though perfectly sensible.

Nothing could afford the party more real satisfaction than the certainty, now established, of being close to a friendly habitation. Some difficulty, however, ex-

isted, as to the manner of getting the coach near to the shepherd's cottage; for even the most favourable part of the acclivity was not such as to promise much facility in gaining the plain above.

However, the officer having inspected what was described as the most favourable ascent, which the moon, now ranging through a cloudless region, enabled him to do with sufficient precision, he called to his men, who speedily removed some large stones that lay in the track in which the coach must proceed: in about ten minutes the horses were remounted, and the carriage was, though with great difficulty, dragged close up to the cottage.

The shepherd, in the mean time, awakened his ancient spouse: who, on being informed of the cause, quickly threw on her cloaths, and striking a light, made a good fire. A large earthen vessel stood in the corner, full of fine water, which had been recently drawn from a spring, spark-

ling with freshness and purity, that passed within a few yards of the dwelling.

From this a metal boiler was supplied; and that being suspended on a crook over the blazing logs, a quarter of lamb, with some culinary herbs, were soon boiled down into an excellent mess; of which the whole party were partakers.

The horses were put into an old outhouse, in which they could not do more than stand; as to provision, that was out of the question.

The Countess was put into the good Teresa's bed; while such as could find room near the fire, made themselves as comfortable as the hospitable asylum admitted: the Count distributed the little stock of wine, and other refreshments, he always carried in the seats of the coach, as a resort under exigencies similar to the present.

All the fire-arms were brought in, the ammunition carefully examined and dried,

and every precaution taken, in case of an attack; which, however, the Count's party did not much dread; feeling, that, with so powerful a reinforcement, and with such an excellent stock of weapons, it would not be an easy thing to dislodge them.

Besides, they were within sight and hearing of a town, in which a large party of the Turgaw cavalry were quartered for the night: it was true, the bridge was not passable; but that appeared of little moment, considering all the points in their favour.

Solacing themselves with such comfortable reflections, and having appointed a proper relief of two persons, who were to sit up, in case of accident, the rest availed themselves of some straw that was found in a corner, and their cloaths being by this time tolerably dried, soon managed to snore away their fatigues.

A quantity of wood had been collected

by the old couple for fuel; it had lain for some time on the outside of the cottage, but on this emergency was brought into use; however, it burnt but badly, though it made an immense volume of smoke, which could scarce find its way up the little chimney.

This occasioned the two soldiers, to whose lot it had fallen to watch during the first two hours, to put on a quantity to dry; they, in the mean while, took the benefit of their pipes, and relating their former exploits, for they had both served in regiments that were in the pay of Holland, entirely forgot to remove such billets as gradually kindled.

This unfortunate want of attention was attended with the most serious consequences. The flames rushed up the chimney, where, reaching an immense collection of soot, which had, for years, been accumulating near its summit, a most alarming conflagration followed.

The sparks, the smoke, and the stench, soon recalled the narrators to their duty: they were alarmed, and, by their vociferations, awakened their sleeping associates. The door was thrown open, whereby the draught of air being increased, the exterior of the chimney poured forth a volume of flame, forming a diminutive volcano.

At this time, the Count and his lady were in a small room, where stood the bed, if it might be so called, with which they had been accommodated by the kind-hearted Teresa; who had gone up into a kind of loft, to repose on some rubbish, that had lain in a corner for near half a century.

Teresa did not spare her lungs when she perceived the danger to which, not only her house, but her person was exposed; fearing, however to go down stairs into the kitchen, where the mischief originated, she opened a casement at the end of the building, and, with more agi-

lity than could be expected at her years, jumped upon the top of the coach, which was drawn up to that part, and in a few moments was completely clear of the apprehended injury.

The cessation of her cries at the head of the stairs, attracted the notice of Philip, who ran up, and was, for a little while, in doubt as to the old woman's fate, until he heard her below, bewailing the loss she was about to sustain. He then, with great presence of mind, snatched up two or three mugs and vessels capable of containing water, and following the old lady' route, soon re-appeared among his companions; animating them by his example, and, aiding Avril, who, with wondrous intrepidity and nimbleness, ascended to the top of the thatch, and distributed the water with so much judgment indeed, that, in a quarter of an hour, the building was out of danger.

On the first alarm, Robert had flown to

the assistance of the Count and his lady. The window of their appartment had a shutter perforated with small holes to admit the air: through these he soon waked the noble couple; who, letting down the shutter, easily made their escape from the interior.

Nor was the officer wanting in those polite attentions due to the fair sex, any more than in the display of his activity and judgment. He arranged his men in such a manner as to insure a regular supply from the spring; without which it would not have been possible to quench the flames, that, at various times, appeared in that part of the thatch which received the larger flakes of burning soot thrown out at the chimney top.

When the fire first broke out, Ambrose was so fast asleep, that it was with the greatest difficulty his brother of the whip could rouse him: it is true he waked; but whether from fatigue, or fear, he was so

completely unable to assist in subduing the flames, that the officer got rid of him by sending him to get the horses out of the hut in which they were sheltered.

The sight of the sparks, and the roaring of the chimney, which in that respect vied with the foaming torrent below them, had such an effect on the cattle, that not one would stir; nor, indeed, was it an easy thing to extricate them, they being wedged in so closely, that nothing but the forcible extraction of that horse which stood immediately opposite to the narrow door-way, through which they had with difficulty entered, could effect their liberation.

Ambrose left them to their fate; he yawning, and staring, at the unlucky disaster, which had deprived him of an excellent nap. Although several sparks fell on the building containing the cattle, he took no measures to prevent its destruction; which would certainly have taken

place but for the exertions of the brave Philip; who, with his one hand, performed wonders.

The storm had, however, been of infinite service in wetting the thatches so much, as to cause their resisting the fire, much better than could have been the case had they been dry; when probably they would have caught like tinder, and have been completely in a blaze before the inhabitants could have got out of the house.

It did not require much time, after the danger was past, to restore hilarity, and to replace all the party nearly in the situation they were when the accident was first discovered: they resumed their posts, and, with the remaining embers, lighted a fire, which was, however, kept within moderate bounds; though the chimney being entirely cleared by the conflagration, little was to be feared of repeating the mischief.

Philip and Avril were now on the watch; the veteran deliberately smoking his pipe, while Avril was giving him more insight into the character of Ambrose; with which the veteran was highly delighted. The Countess, whose delicate nerves were completely disordered by the occurrences of the preceding hours, felt so much incommoded by that with which Philip on the contrary was agreeably refreshed, that she tapped at the thin partition, and requested him to direct the fumes more immediately up the chimney.

The old soldier apologised for his thoughtless conduct; but, being extremely unwilling to forego his pleasure, and observing it was a very fine night, proposed to Avril, that they should take a walk outside the cottage.

This was agreed to by the sociable African, and they promenaded along its front, backwards and forwards, in low

conversation; fearful of disturbing those who were asleep.

While they thus amused themselves, the sound of many horses' feet was heard, proceeding at a round trot along the road they had come from Utznach; the noise was evidently approaching, and the conversation of many persons was audibly distinguished.

The cavalcade had passed under the bank, where the coach had been stopped by the officer, and the whole, amounting to fourteen horsemen, went forward towards the bridge; which, though not so deeply immersed as it had been a few hours before, was, nevertheless, in such a state as not to be crossed, without imminent danger.

"They cannot have passed over," said their leader.

"There is no saying; they have gone at a great rate;" answered one, who appeared to bear a secondary rank.

"Chaunet," exclaimed the first who had spoken, "ride on, and try the depth of water on the bridge."

The man who was addressed instantly obeyed; he spurred his horse, which seemed to be full of fire, and in a moment dashed into the water, that was running over the bridge.

He with difficulty escaped the danger; his charger was nearly carried away by the violence of the current, and he would assuredly have been hurried over the little remains of parapet, had not the animal spun round on his hind legs, and, making a rear, thrown himself on his side.

The cavaliers joined in a hearty laugh at the mishap of Chaunet, who soon regained his seat, and uttering many blasphemies against the bridge, the water, and his companions, at length subsided into silent attention.

"Captain," said the second in com-

mand, "it is impossible they can have crossed the bridge."

"Which way can they have gone, Reignier?"

"There appears to be a road along the banks of the river; possibly they may have proceeded that way, under the expectation of getting over at the great arch of Leichensteng: let us lose no time in following; we have not more than two hours before the day will break, and frustrate our intentions."

They accordingly moved on at a round trot, following the course of the river for about two or three hundred yards, when the captain stopped short; observing, there was no track of a wheel to be seen, and that he was confident they were overshooting their mark."

It was so true, that, all perceived the force of his observation: they lost no time in wheeling about, and returned to the

bridge; where they again debated, as to the possibility of the carriage having got over, before the water had risen: but that was soon overruled; their accurate knowledge of the country satisfied them that the river had been even higher.

"How far did you see the track of the wheels, Reignier?"

"I think captain, they go down to the bridge."

"Let one or two dismount, and examine carefully."

This was accordingly done: the track was soon discovered to have deviated from the road; and it was clear, to those who searched for it, that the coach had gone up the bank.

Such an opinion was received with some derision; for it did not appear very probable that the coach could be dragged up so steep an ascent. The pertinaciousness of the men who had dismounted was,

however, such as to occasion Reignier to follow their example.

He examined with great attention, and in a minute confirmed the report which had been made.

In the mean while Avril had roused his master, who lost no time in making arrangements for a most obstinate defence. The number, the time of night, and the expressions which had been overheard by those on the watch, were sufficient to confirm those suspicions which their general and individual appearance could not fail to create.

Their captain was mounted on a black horse; his saddle bows were furnished with holsters; he had on a complete hussar dress, with a cloak of the same, apparently dark green, stuff. His head was secured under a compact helmet, of a dull black; and over his shoulder was a broad belt of black leather; by which was

suspended a formidable sword, such as required more than ordinary powers to manage.

His second in command bore nearly the same appearance; but his horse was of a chesnut colour, and he carried a short pike, in addition to the other arms already enumerated.

The rest of the party were clad in dark colours; though not exactly of the same fashion: they were each furnished with sword, carbine, and pistols.

It was remarkable, that nothing bright, nor which could reflect any light, appeared in any part of their dresses or accoutrements: the handles of their swords were of browned iron, and all their horses were of a very dark colour; excepting that of the second-in-command, Reignier.

This description was given by Philip, who, leaving Avril at the door conversing with his master, reconnoitred from behind

an extensive ledge of rock, that almost touched the cottage. When he found the track of the carriage was ascertained, he returned within: the door being shut with as little noise, as it's rude construction would allow, the Count arranged the whole plan of defence in a very concise manner.

The officer, with two of his men, being armed with carabines, were to defend the principal post, namely, the entrance; while the Count and Robert, with their blunderbusses, and a soldier, with his arms, were stationed at the window in the bed-room; the postillion, and one of the soldiers, each having a pistol, and the latter his carabine and sword, were to defend a little wicket, which led out the back way, towards the stables.

The Countess and Teresa were sent up stairs; where Philip, Avril, and Ambrose, provided with two pistols, a blunderbuss,

and two swords, were to prevent any attempts at escalade.

Poor Ambrose was nursed by Teresa; who, judging from the chattering of his teeth, that, he was taken ill of an ague, covered him, as well as she could, with her petticoats, strongly urging that he should recommend himself to St. Nicholas.

Such admonition was, however, perfectly superfluous; for her terrified patient had long before chopped to pieces some hundred of aves, and credos; in which he used always to confide, whenever the smallest probability appeared of his undergoing the most trifling pain.

It was peculiarly fortunate, that, so soon as the fire broke out, the sheep took fright, and ran at speed down into a neighbouring valley; where, there happening to be good feed, the cottager thought he might as well allow them to graze till the morning.

This was the posture of affairs, when the Captain and Reignier were seen to ascend from the road, to the level on which the cottage stood: the rest of the troop remained below. After a little conversation in a low tone, which could not be heard by those in the house, Reignier dismounted, and wrapping his cloak about him, advanced with a cautious step towards the cottage, at times stopping to listen.

Hearing no noise, and no one appearing, he came forward to the window; but, as all were perfectly silent, and he could see nothing through the apertures in the shutter, he returned to the captain, who alighting from his horse, and giving it, with that of his second, in charge to one of his men, the two advanced towards the cottage, seemingly with much precaution.

After listening for a while, and often peeping through the shutter, they were about to retire, as though disappointed in

their search, when one of the trooper's horses happening to neigh, it was answered by those in the out-house; which, having received no fodder, were extremely uneasy, and now became as restless as their cramped limbs permitted.

The Captain stopped; when Reignier touching him on the shoulder, and pointing to the place whence the sound proceeded, they walked on tip-toe towards the temporary stable.

In turning the corner, the first object that presented itself to their view was the coach, which, as before observed, had been drawn round to the gable end, where it could not be seen from the front; nor could the track of the wheels be discerned, on account of the thick coating of grass every where around, except on a little half-beaten track, made by those few who occasionally went to and from the cottage.

"Aha!" said the captain, stopping

short, and preventing Reignier from going further, "so; we have them safe."

"Excellent, indeed;" answered Reignier, "this storm has put them completely in our power; I really began to fear he would have escaped."

"The height of the river is in our favour too; for, though it is falling fast, I trust we shall have finished our business before the bridge becomes passable; so that no aid can come to them from the town.

"How do you purpose to gain admittance?" said Reignier.

"By force; we are fourteen to four and a half; and though we should lose one or two on such an occasion, the object is too important to allow such considerations to overrule the attempt."

"Pardon me, captain, I think we had better have recourse to stratagem: if we were to order two of the party to take care of the horses, while two more should come to the door, and beg for a light to

repair a carriage, the rest could remain hid behind the end of the house, and be admitted at a favourable moment by the first who had entered."

The captain paused; he seemed to consider the proposal.

"Besides," added Reignier, "it would afford us the means of acting both with more effect, and more security."

"We will do so, Reignier: let us arrange the party accordingly."

They retired, in order to put their project in execution: in the mean while the Count tutored Teresa as to the answers she should give from the window of the loft, when the banditti should commence their operations.

The soldier, who was in the bed chamber was withdrawn into the kitchen, where it was obvious the principal attack would be made; for, as yet, the back wicket had not been discovered; and at all events, if the assailants should endeavour to force it, no difficulty would arise in opposing them;

it being an outlet from the kitchen, in which there were no less than six men well armed.

In a few minutes, the captain and Reignier were seen ascending to the level. Reignier, to prevent suspicion, gave his pike to one of the men, who followed in two parties of five each: these filed off; one party going to the right, the other to the left end. A whistle was to be the sign for their appearance at the door.

The men having thus taken post, the captain and Reignier advanced towards the door, at which they knocked. No answer was given; again they knocked, but with no effect. Reignier then banged with his fist against the window-shutter.

Robert was eager to fire, as he could not fail of killing; but the Count rebuked him for his intemperance, and pulled him away from the window.

Finding no answer was given, Reignier called, in rather a mild, supplicating man-

begging for assistance.

Teresa, in a trembling tone, enquired "who was there?"

Reignier, coming round to the end where the window stood, from which Teresa had made the enquiry, in a most insinuating application to her feelings, urged her to favour him with a light, to enable his tying up part of a machine that had broken down in the road under the bank.

"Go to the door," answered the old woman; I will just slip on my petticoat, and give you all the assistance in my power."

She accordingly descended, while the captain and Reignier went to the door, behind which the officer and three of his soldiers stood: the postillion ascending to be fast asleep on the ladder used for the loft, and behind him the fourth soldier was concealed.

Teresa opened the door; the captain and his second entered with confidence; but, no sooner were they entered within

the kitchen, than the officer and his three men slapped to the door, which was instantly barred; while the post-boy and the fourth soldier suddenly appeared in front of the chiefs; who were completely surprised.

Naturally concluding the affair would not be terminated without bloodshed, and thinking her life, old as she was, too valuable to be thrown away, the aged hostess made the best of her way to the ladder, up which she endeavoured to crawl; but, notwithstanding her earnest applications to St. Nicholas, it is probable her purpose would not have been effected without the aid of Avril, who, taking her by the arm, fairly pulled her up from the kitchen into the loft.

Reignier was the first who recovered his surprise, and with the most consummate impudence, enquired as to the cause of so strange a proceeding. The captain appeared far more agitated; his counte-

nance indicated the most villainous intentions: he drew forth a pistol, but his arm being seized by the officer, one of the soldiers wrested the weapon from his hand.

Fortunately, the pistol was not cocked, whence it was not in the power of the ruffian to discharge it.

Thus situated, despair drove the captain and his companion to every exertion: they struggled, and were vociferous; but, in the moment of difficulty, either forgot, or could not produce, the signal by which their men were to be guided.

A violent contest arose. The great object of the Count's party, was to bind their prisoners with the cords belonging to a small fishing net, that was thrown over a beam; but at the same time to avoid firing, lest the rest of the banditti should be alarmed, and come to the attack.

Although every precaution was used, yet the uproar was such, as to attract the

notice of that party which was concealed at the gable where the coach stood: they quitted their post, and, running to the front, were soon apprised of the situation of their leaders.

The other party was not dilatory in joining their companions, and the whole pressed with such violence against the door, as to wrench the hinges; but the strong bar, which remained firm to its duty, prevented their entrance.

Some of them, finding the difficulty of forcing their way in that quarter, ran back to the gable; thinking, by mounting on the coach-box, to get in at the window. Two of them accordingly ascended to the roof of the carriage, and were struggling which should get in first, when Avril discharged his blunderbuss, and both the robbers were precipitated to the ground.

Another, however, made a bold attempt to force his way; he behaved with such bravery, as, in a better cause, would have

entitled him to honourable distinction. Philip was prepared for his reception; and finding that a pistol ball in the shoulder did not deter the daring villain, drew forth his sword, and buried it up to the hilt in his breast.

The man fell lifeless; but in the agony of death discharged a pistol he had in his hand, which, missing the veteran, grazed the skull of the affrighted Ambrose, who had concealed himself behind his mistress, whose exhortations could not prevail upon him to act as became a man.

Ambrose uttered the most piercing cries; when, as he had just raised his head in a fearful manner, over the Countess's shoulder, he received the reward of his cowardice. He fell senseless, more with fright than hurt, to the floor; where the kind-hearted Teresa began to chafe his temples, and recommended him, with unceasing zeal, to her favourite saint.

The engagement now became general;

the banditti fired through the small opening made in the door-way, by the failure of the hinges, while others tore down the shutter from the outside of the bed-room window.

The Count and Robert made a fine resistance, but they had not to deal with cowards; and were very hard pressed, in consequence of the arrival of the two men who had charge of the horses: these, hearing the firing, concluded the enterprise was attended with unforeseen difficulty, and, hastening to join their comrades, lent their aid to the party at the window, judging it most likely to succeed.

The officer was severely wounded by a stiletto, which the captain had contrived to draw from his girdle, and one of his men had received considerable injury from a load of slugs directed in at the window, but which fortunately had missed its brave defender; save one or two that had struck upon Robert's shoulder, close by

whose neck the charge had passed, tearing away the cape of his coat, and burning his cravat.

Such was the opposition made to those who endeavoured to secure the captain and Reignier, that Avril thought it necessary to descend the ladder. He had no sooner arrived at its foot, than he was seriously engaged with the former, who, being remarkably robust, had succeeded in extricating himself from the two by whom he was opposed: he was about to rush into the bed chamber, to fall on the back of the Count, whose voice was distinctly heard, when directing Robert in their defence of the window.

At this critical moment, the African, alighting at the foot of the steps, had only time to seize the cloak of the captain, who had already half entered the inner apartment, when the latter, turning round, raised his hand, with the intention to cut Avril down: but the floor of the

loft being very low, arrested the progress of his sword, so as to give time for Avril to knock him down with the butt-end of his blunderbuss, which he was fearful of discharging, as the captain stood in the direction that must have proved fatal to the Count and Robert, had the trigger been drawn.

Notwithstanding this vigorous resistance, it was doubtful to which side victory would ultimately have given the palm, when the assailants without were suddenly alarmed by the blowing of a horn, within a very little distance; the sound seemed to come from the vicinity of the bridge, and in half a minute was answered by one in the town, of which the bell rang a sonorous peel.

They knew the latter to be the signal of alarm; and judging that it could not be very long before the whole country would be in pursuit of them, desisted from the attack: running to their horses,

they mounted the fleetest of them, and gallopped off; leaving their leaders in the lurch, and five of their comrades dead or disabled.

It happened, that the shepherd, hearing the firing, and being anxious to learn the cause, as well as to see his good Teresa after the disaster of the chimney, had left his dog to guard the flock, and ran up to the little plain, where his cottage stood.

He had, in passing, seen the horses all loose, and without any person to look after them; this excited suspicion, but, when he came within sight of his little tenement, and beheld the siege, he ran, unperceived, to his hollow tree, whence he blew his horn; sounding the signal of alarm, and continuing it until answered by the trumpet of the cavalry in the town; when he changed to the signal for mounting; which, as he had served in the militia, was perfectly familiar to him.

The old man sat snug in his hiding-

place, while the robbers were going off; after which he lost no time in returning to his home, where he knocked repeatedly, before the least notice was taken: at one time, indeed, he had nearly fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of one of the soldiers; who, irritated by the wound given to his officer, from whose side the blood flowed copiously, had levelled his carabine through the interval at the side of the door, and would certainly have shot him, had not one of his comrades, recollecting the shepherd's voice, timously caused him to desist.

Finding that nobody would open the door, against which the officer lay reclined, the shepherd went round to the window, and called to Teresa; who gladly answered him, and was delighted to learn that the town's-people were alarmed, and that the banditti had fled.

"But," said the old man, "you have sent some of them to their long homes."

"How many of the villains have *we* killed?" asked the good woman.

"How many have *you* killed?" said the husband, laughing; "why, here's one, two, three, four, as stiff as my crook; and another, that seems as though he would have no need of a halter."

"Jesu, Maria!" exclaimed the old lady, "I am glad of it; but, lack-a-daisy, that's nothing to what there have been. There were at least two hundred of them, little and big."

Teresa ran down, telling her husband to go to the wicket at the back of the cottage, where she soon made her appearance; taking especial care to fasten the wicket well, in case the two hundred rogues should return.

The interior presented a scene truly distressing: in the kitchen lay the officer, dangerously wounded by the stiletto, with one of his men, who had received the greater part of a round of slugs. The

hired postillion had a ball through the calf of his leg, and a slight cut from a sword on his shoulder. The lad's behaviour had been highly praise-worthy.

Within the bed-chamber the captain, on his face, lay senseless, but with his arms tied behind him; for the moment Avril saw him fall, he lost no time in securing him with his own handkerchief. Close by the captain was Reignier, tied hand and foot, and covered with wounds.

What affected the shepherd most, was the melancholy situation of the Count, who was on the bed, a shot from a carabine having entered beneath the joint of his left shoulder, under the blade of which it remained lodged.

The Countess was in hysterics, by turns laughing and crying; while the gallant Robert having, with the aid of Avril stripped the cloaths off the Count, had applied dossils and bandages made of his shirt. He was so fortunate as to

stop the effusion of blood, which had been so great as to cause the Count to lay for some minutes perfectly senseless.

Philip, and one of the soldiers, had given all the aid in their power to the officer; and to the wounded trooper, while another had attended to the postillion, who now feeling that his own wounds were not dangerous, had hobbled up to the fire-side; where, sitting on a bag of wood, he was endeavouring to rekindle the fire, while one of the troopers went to the spring to bring some water.

Grievous as was the situation of the Count, he bore the misfortune like a hero: Robert was delighted with his fortitude, nor did either the officer, the soldier, or the post-boy express their pain, by lamentations; the only person who gave vent to his feelings, was Ambrose, whose cries and dismal howlings might be heard down at the bridge.

The water had now subsided, and the

shepherd running down into the road mounted one of the horses he found straying about, and driving the others up to the level, he set off at full speed into the town, for a surgeon. He was met in his way by a party of the Turgaw cavalry, to whom he briefly stated the circumstances, urging them to pursue the banditti; whose route he pointed out.

The surgeon of the regiment immediately repaired to the shepherd's cottage, and, with the assistance of some of the newly arrived troopers, did every thing the situation of the sufferers immediately demanded. He sent into the town for litters, to convey the Count, the officer, and the soldier, while the coach was got ready to carry those who could bear its motion.

Owing to the confusion, and to the attention necessary to be paid to the Count's party, the wounded banditti were left to the last moment; when it being necessary

to remove those who were in, and about the house, Philip assisted in throwing the bodies upon a cart, which was brought for that purpose.

The second in command, Reignier, was chained to the cart's tail, his arms pinioned behind, and manacles on his wrists. The captain was about to be thrown with the dead men upon the cart, when the surgeon, perceiving some signs of life, breathed a vein, which in a few minutes so far recovered him, that he looked wildly around, and, in a tremulous tone, asked for a little water.

All the party, except Philip, the surgeon, and one of the troopers, who was holding up the captain, and was to drive the cart into the town, had proceeded with the coach and the litters. Philip therefore took a small mug, which stood near the chimney, and ran to the spring; for the veteran's heart was ever open to the commiseration of a fallen enemy!

He lost no time in returning with the water, and was about to apply it to the captain's lips, when the latter, eager to receive the precious boon, raised his head.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Philip, as he recognised the features of his officer, the Chevalier St. Hilaire!

The surprise and horror of such a discovery, operated forcibly on the mind of the veteran; who would willingly have doubted the truth of what his eyes had discovered; but the more he looked, the more completely was he convinced, that the chief of the banditti, was no other than his ci-devant captain.

He was completely confirmed in the certainty of the fact, when on taking off the vest of the chief, he perceived the scar of that wound which had disabled the Chevalier de St. Hilaire, when Philip, standing forward, had allowed him time to retreat from the desperate attack

made by an English sailor; who had, with others of that nation, just got possession of the poop.

It is not easy to express what Philip felt from this discovery; he was divided between compassion, and professional pride.

He reflected, that, by making himself known to the chevalier, the latter might derive important services, or at least much consolation, from the presence of an old fellow soldier; while, on the other hand, he was he was withheld from the disclosure, by the idea of acknowledging any former acquaintance with a man, who at that moment appeared to be a hardened villain.

Philip perceived that he was not recognised by his officer: for, what with the change of dress, the pressure of many years added to his age, and the circumstances under which he then appeared, it was not easy for any one to discover him; especially a person whose whole

attention was necessarily turned towards his own desperate situation.

Considering that no immediate benefit could result from the avowal, and that time would give him the fairest opportunity of becoming more acquainted with the particulars, as also with the views of the Chevalier, Philip resolved to keep his own counsel, but diligently to watch all the actions, and the expressions of the chief.

With this view, as well as in obedience to the dictates of his heart, the veteran attached himself to the captain; and, collecting all the straw he could find about the cottage, made the place, where he was laid on the cart, as soft and easy as the means would allow.

He attended the cart to the prison: there, with the aid of the proper officers, he contrived to carry the Chevalier on a kind of bier, with so little jolting, as to cause him very little uneasiness, as the latter afterwards acknowledged.

The Chevalier was put into a hospital-ward of the prison, where Philip, after seeing that every thing proper had been done towards his comfort, retired for the purpose of visiting his benefactor, and of rendering any aid in his power to Robert and Ambrose.

Philip did not fail to call in his way at the house where the wounded lieutenant was quartered: he found the soldiers of the company to which that brave man was attached, extremely concerned for his misfortune. The stab given by Reignier had penetrated to such a depth, and was in so dangerous a part, that the surgeon would not venture to pronounce as to the result; but had strictly forbidden all intercourse on any subject whatever; relying more on the effects of rest, and an easy mind, than on any professional skill.

On arriving at the house of Monsieur Pierard, a manufacturer of muslins, who, in the kindest manner, had put his own

family to some inconvenience, to afford accommodation to the Count and Robert; every face indicated the expected issue of the Count's wound. The old soldier had, however, the satisfaction to learn, that nothing had been decided by the surgeon, who, until the ball could be extracted, did not feel warranted in speaking as to the extent of the injury sustained. A horseman was gone to Appenzel, for an expert operator, who, it was expected, would arrive in less than an hour.

The wounded trooper, the postillion, and Ambrose, were all in the town infirmary; whither Philip went, with an aching heart. He was met by Avril, who had been for some medicine, and was in such a hurry, that, he took but little notice of his box companion.

Nor did Philip attempt to detain him; but passed on, with a steady pace, to visit the unfortunate sufferers. His countenance beamed with pleasure, on finding

the trooper likely to do well; and that the boy was assured by the surgeon, that in ten days he would be completely recovered.

It required no search to find Ambrose, whose moanings served as an index to his situation. The veteran endeavoured to get a little conversation with him; but, finding his kind enquiries were answered only by melancholy howlings, he left the ward, and returned to the prison.

There he made numberless enquiries, as to the name of the chief; carefully suppressing his own knowledge on that subject, and endeavouring to discover some particulars relating to the latter part of his life: for, Philip even at this time could not help entertaining a hope of finding himself in error.

But to all his interrogatories nothing satisfactory was answered; no one about the jail knew the prisoner's name, or person: it was said he was the chief

of a very daring gang, who for some years had infested the country about Appenzel, and all the borders of the lake of Constance.

The jail-keeper, making no doubt but his prisoner was the captain of the Tirolese gang, above described, always gave him the name of Raymond; it being the designation by which that chief was known: nor did it appear that the delinquent had any objections thereto.

This did not displease Philip; who felt some consolation in the idea that his officer had preserved the name of St. Hilaire, under which he had fought nobly, from public disgrace.

With regard to the wounded robber, he had barely time to receive the sacrament before he expired. At one time he appeared disposed to make some very important confession; but he delayed it so long, probably owing to weakness and pain, that those who attended him in his

last moments were disappointed in that respect.

Reignier was disposed of in a separate wing of the prison, where he could have no communication with the Chevalier. His wounds were, in general, superficial; his face was greatly altered by the number of cuts he had received from the stilette; which had been wrenched from his hand, and, very awkwardly, used by the postillion: had either of the soldiers possessed it, Reignier would have been quickly dispatched.

The surgeon having arrived from Appenzel, an operation was performed on the Count, who bore it with surprising fortitude; such as, added to the very favourable situation in which the ball had lodged, encouraged the hope of his recovering the use of his arm, in due time.

The Countess had been put to bed in a state of insensibility; but, being so completely exhausted, by the fatigues, and

terrors she experienced, had sunk into a profound sleep; which, fortunately, lasted till some hours after the surgeons had extracted the ball.

She was then informed of that event, and of the favourable opinion they had expressed, which considerably soothed her mind; but she refrained from all exertion, and contenting herself with sending an affectionate message to her worthy lord; composed herself as well as the weak state of her health permitted.

After having been with the Count, the surgeons went together to the lieutenant: they found him much exhausted, with indications of a fatal termination. His excellent temper, and the perfect resignation he evinced, were, however, points on which much reliance was placed.

The young hero was not unknown to the gentleman from Appenzel, who, at his request, sent a letter to Lindau, directed to an uncle, residing there, for the

benefit of the air. The doctor was enjoined not to express himself in such terms as should excite any alarm to the lieutenant's relative; but to urge his instantly repairing to Geselbach, on some very important and pressing business.

About noon the party which had been detached in pursuit of the seven robbers, who had fled on hearing the shepherd's horn, returned; they had followed as far as Sevelen, where they heard, that about an hour before, the fugitives had crossed the Rhine, and taken to the mountains in the Tyrol.

A thousand thoughts now crossed in Philips' mind: he traced back all the occurrences in the order in which they had happened; but he could not reconcile to himself a number of the most prominent points. The Dominican, in particular, puzzled him extremely.

Among other things, he could not help thinking it very strange, that Monsieur

Le Brun should have been followed, as evidently had been the case, by such a formidable troop, who seemed more to aim at his person, than at his property.

His sorrow, for the dreadful condition of the Count, was extreme, and nearly annihilated that satisfaction he felt in being so near his dear little Annette, whom he longed to embrace.

That happy meeting, which he had for some days anticipated with unbounded pleasure, appeared now to be far removed; for he was actuated, both by gratitude and attachment, not to leave Geselbach, until the Count should be sufficiently recovered to proceed on his journey.

The wound was so severe, and its cure so much depended on rest, that, some weeks might be requisite to establish him sufficiently for that purpose: added to this, it appeared extremely probable the Count would be detained, for the purpose of prosecuting the Chevalier.

Under such circumstances, the old soldier suffered much from the privation of that pleasure he expected in again embracing the daughter, by whom he had been for some years principally maintained; yet he resolved to forego every intention which might alienate him from his benefactor.

Philip for a while had forgot, that, for the last twelve months, his daughter had not remitted the usual stipend; and, that, he had not, during that term, heard either from her, or from her aunt.

Seeing the jailor approach the door, that shut up that ward in which the Chevalier was confined, he solicited permission to visit him. This was at first denied; but, after a little explanation, Philip was permitted to enter.

When the door of the Chevalier's chamber was opened, Philip entered, and examined his countenance with all possible attention. This, however, was done to

considerable disadvantage; on account of the change made by the dressings and bandages. His face was much swelled, and the upper part was extremely discoloured by the violence with which Avril had struck him.

The Chevalier, hearing the door creak on it's rusty hinges, turned his head round, to see who was about to enter; he no sooner beheld Philip, whom he now recognised, both by his features, and his lost hand, than he shrank from the sight, and seemed for a few seconds to be in much confusion: at length, with his face averted from his presence, he, in a tremulous tone, asked, "What is become of my brother?"

"Had you a brother among your party?" said the veteran.

"No!"——answered the Chevalier, with a deep sigh!

Philip was completely puzzled; but thought the Chevalier was delirious: he

pitied him, and observing that the light came very strongly upon his face, through a small grated window near the top of the cell, he took out his handkerchief, and by means of two bolts at the edges of the masonry, which could just be reached by standing on the foot of the bed, made a shift to keep the sun from striking on the chevalier's face.

This act of kindness was perceived by the jailor, who rebuked Philip for being so considerate towards such a villain. The old soldier was hurt, but suppressed his resentment; contenting himself with saying, that, "humanity was never misplaced."

"Who is to attend this unhappy man?" said Philip.

"You may, if you please!" answered the surly jailor.

"I accept your offer, with thanks!" rejoined Philip.

The jailor went his way, and Philip,

seeing that the cloathes were slipping off the Chevalier's shoulder, went round to set them to rights.

The Chevalier looked up, and sighed; at the same time beckoning to Philip to seat himself on the edge of the bed :— Philip obeyed.

After a pause, during which the Chevalier seemed to be in doubt, whether or not he should address the veteran, he turned a little on his side, and taking Philip's hand between both his own, said to him;—"If I had not been an eye-witness to your bravery, I should know you to be truly courageous, by that consideration you evince towards a fallen enemy!"

Philip was affected: he looked up towards his handkerchief!

"I need not ask whether you recognise me, for your conduct proves it; it proves your attachment towards me, and cherishes the hope that you will not refuse to

comply with my earnest, perhaps my last, request?"

"Tell me truly; does any one of your party, besides yourself, know who I am?"

Philip answered the Chevalier, that not one had seen, so as to distinguish him, except himself; and, that the people about the prison believed him to be Raymond, the chief of the Tirolese gang.

"My request," said the Chevalier, "is, that you will never disclose my real name:—swear it on the honour of a soldier."

"I do swear it," answered Philip; "you may depend upon me."

"Thank you, Philip: I depend wholly on your fidelity, and I shall die contented!"

The jailor called, and Philip was obliged to withdraw, after having attended to some matters the Chevalier noticed to him, in regard to the accommodations in his cell.

With his heart and mind both full, he returned to the Count, who by this time had derived considerable relief from his sufferings. Philip was delighted at the prospect held up by Avril of a speedy recovery; the more so, when, on looking up from the yard to the window of his master's room, he saw Robert beckon to him; meaning that the good fellow should go up stairs.

Philip did not require a second bidding: with an eagerness, the type of that anxious desire which possessed him for an opportunity of personally enquiring as to the Count's situation, he tripped up stairs; and, on knocking at the chamber door, was admitted instantly by his young friend.

The pleasure felt by the veteran, was considerably alloyed, at seeing the Count so uncomfortably situated: he forebore to speak; but his eyes delivered those queries which were raised to them from the seat of feeling!

"Philip," said the Count, "I could not rest until I should have acknowledged the service you have rendered me; your whole conduct entitled you to my esteem, and to my admiration; your zeal and attachment now command my gratitude; I am not permitted at present to say much, but cannot refrain from inviting you to consider yourself as one of my household; and, in order to induce to your compliance with that desire, Madame Le Brun commissions me to express her earnest request, that you will place your daughter under her protection."

At the same moment Robert took the veteran by the hand, and with a look replete with sensibility and pleasure, wished him joy of so comfortable a situation!

"Not only a situation, added the Count, but a provision for life. You have lost that which our good monarch had bestowed upon you; but I trust you will find that which I shall this day execute

in your behalf, to be more permanent, and fully adequate to your wishes."

Philip felt for his handkerchief; little supposing it was devoted to the comfort of his benefactor's brother. The poor fellow could not speak; but on Robert's opening the door for him to retire, the pleasure resulting from the reflection, that his daughter would be provided for under the same roof with himself, and that too by such a man as Monsieur Le Brun, completely overcame him.

"*C'est un bon homme!*" said he, as he dried his eyes with his sleeve. On returning to the court yard, he took Avril by the hand, and would have told him of the Count's goodness; but he could only repeat, "*C'est un bon homme!*"

Drawing the metal box from his pocket, he took a pinch of snuff; the box was returned; but he again drew it forth; again, took a pinch, and again put it back.

'Twas to no purpose; he fancied some

grains of the Count's gift were still remaining, and the bust of his king was stamped on the lid!

At length he became absorbed in thought, as to the means of bringing his daughter from Constance. The distance it was true did not exceed twenty miles; but had it been only one, he could not think of absenting himself from the Count. Besides, he had promised to become the attendant of the Chevalier!

It occurred to him, that, as the Turgaw cavalry were to march on the day following to Constance, a letter might be sent; and, that his daughter could come the following morning: she was a stout healthy girl, and the walk would be nothing to her.

The practicability of this measure was so self-evident, that Philip lost no time in getting the letter penned by Avril, who was a tolerable scholar; but the inditer took care to debar that style in which

the African would probably have written, if left to himself, that is, much the same as his mode of speaking. Having with difficulty subscribed something that bore a faint resemblance to his name, Philip delivered it to the aide-major of the cavalry; who promised to carry it in person to Annette, so soon as he should arrive at Constance.

In the morning the trumpet called forth the troops, which, leaving the lieutenant under charge of Mr. Von Boch, the surgeon from Appenzel, and attended by two privates of the corps, marched from the town.

Philip accompanied the surgeon early to the jail, and having received instructions regarding the diet of the Chevalier, undertook to perform all those little offices the situation of the prisoner demanded. Obtaining a small kettle, he prepared some very palatable broth; and conducted himself with such attention and kindness, that the Chevalier, with great

emotion, lamented his entire inability to recompense such repeated services.

The character, manner, and conduct, of Reignier appeared so ferocious, that the veteran did not feel disposed to pay him a visit: he could not bear the idea of using a stiletto; which he said was the certain indication of treachery and cowardice. Besides, Reignier was more disfigured than hurt; therefore he did not stand in need of assistance.

The Chevalier was so much recovered, as to be able to sit on the edge of the bedstead, while his benevolent attendant put the mattrass to rights. The sight, and the rattling, of the fetters made Philip's heart bleed for the sufferings of the man under whose command, and in whose defence he had lost a limb!

The Count continued to mend, as did the wounded trooper and the post-boy; but the poor lieutenant remained so weak, from the loss of blood, that his recovery

seemed to be rather worse than doubtful. The Count and his lady were more concerned on his account than for themselves, and made enquiries in regard to his situation, under the intention of providing for any family he might have.

They were informed that he was a bachelor, about twenty years of age, related to a very respectable family, natives of France, who were royalists, and then at Lindau for the benefit of its air, in consequence of his aunt's being consumptive: that the young man held the commission of lieutenant in the Turgaw cavalry, and expected very soon to obtain the command of a troop. He was a genteel figure, and his manners were highly pleasing.

When the lieutenant had first seen the Countess in the coach, she was so muffled up, in consequence of her indisposition, that he could not possibly have recognised, were he to have met her the next day;

besides she was at that time so deranged, that she could not distinguish his features with accuracy.

All the interest she felt in his welfare, arose from a grateful sense of the important service he had rendered the Count; which the latter, indeed, thought could never be repaid. He did not know which to esteem most, Robert, or the lieutenant; but he felt more attached to the former, in consequence of having seen farther into his amiable disposition.

Several days past without any particular occurrence, till Philip received a small packet covering two letters; one from the aide-major, which informed him that his daughter, and her aunt had left Constance some time before; and that nobody knew whither they were gone.

The other letter was that which Avril had penned to Annette.

A combination of pleasing circumstances had raised Philip's spirits greatly: he

saw his benefactor, the Count, fast recovering; the Countess shewed him the greatest attention; Robert, his warm friend, was doing well, and his old commander, the Chevalier, was declared out of danger, from the contusion on his head.

As to the future discussion of the Chevalier's conduct, it appeared so very serious, that Philip did not dare to look forward: he was nevertheless highly pleased to find that the real name, and rank, of the prisoner were unknown; and, that, if he should suffer the sentence of the law, as then appeared inevitable, it would be under the name of Raymond, chief of the Tyrolese banditti; whereby the reputation of the grand Monarque's army would receive no stain.

But the intelligence, which at least conveyed a delay, if not the total privation, of the pleasure he anticipated, in thanking his dear Anette, for her filial affection and bounty, was a blow for which the poor fellow was totally unprepared.

What a disappointment! At the very moment when a comfortable provision was made for himself, (for the Count had settled on him a pension of three hundred livres, with house-room, cloathing, &c.) and that a most respectable situation was offered to Annette, whereby the aunt would be relieved from the burthen of partly maintaining both, for the girl earned a handsome penny by fringe-making, one half the benefit was rendered nugatory!

Such was the impression made on Philip's mind, by the unlucky absence of his daughter: such the conflict between his anxiety to ascertain where she was, for as to her safety, he entertained little doubt, and the reluctance he felt at leaving the Count, even for a day, that the poor fellow's physiognomy betrayed evident marks of dejection.

No one could fail to perceive the sudden change; and, as he did not disclose, even to Avril, the disappointment he had experienced, it was difficult to assign his

melancholy to the proper cause. Avril, at length, perceiving that the old man took every opportunity of delighting his swimming eyes with the portrait of his dear Annette, was fearful that Philip had received some unpleasant news regarding her.

The kind-hearted African communicated his observations to the Countess; who, unwilling to ask any questions that might operate harshly on that sensibility, with which the old soldier was so abundantly endued, endeavoured, by a circuitous train of conversation, mixed with implied interrogatories, to learn the reason of that settled gloom which had supplanted the chearfulness that usually characterised the veteran's weather-beaten countenance.

"Monsieur Le Brun is recovering very fast, Philip!"

"God be praised!" answered Philip, with much earnestness.

"We shall soon be able to get forward on our journey."

"Yes, Madam."

"As our horses will be so fresh, we shall not be more than three or four hours in reaching Constance."

"Yes, Madam;" the good man's lips began to tremble.

"You will have the supreme pleasure of seeing your friends."

"N———o, Madam."

The big tear rolled down his manly cheek; and he could scarcely refrain from sobbing aloud.

"Sit down, Philip;" said the Countess, who feared she had touched on too tender a subject.

Philip laid his hand on his breast, made a respectful bend, and retired to a chair that stood in a remote corner.

He wept—but it was like a man. He had redeemed his handkerchief, by moving the Chevalier's bed to a part of the cell on which the sun could not throw his rays.

After wiping his eyes, he produced the aide-major's letter. The Countess expected to read the irrevocable doom of Annette; but, though she felt sincerely for the absence of the girl, partly indeed on her own account, her mind was set pretty well at ease as to her safety.

She did not affect to treat the matter with levity; but, condoling with the honest fellow, on the disappointment he had experienced, said she would state the particulars to the Count; who, she was confident, would lose no time in exerting every means in his power, towards ascertaining where his daughter might be, and in restoring her to his anxious embrace.

Philip made no reply: rising, as the Countess quitted her chair, for the purpose of going to her husband, he followed her to the door in grateful silence. She directed him to wait until her return. A bow implied obedience to her commands.

The Count was not long in adjusting

the affair; he considered, that, in all probability, not less than ten or twelve days must elapse before he should be able to travel; that he should have no occasion for Philip's attendance, and that in the mean while Annette might be found.

He likewise considered, that Robert had not discharged his commission, respecting the parcel he was to deliver at Constance; and that the two post-horses could be devoted to carrying him and Philip, without the inconvenience of having his own employed; so that the latter would be recovering from the fatigue they had undergone, in drawing the coach such long stages, through so very hilly a country.

Robert being at hand, the proposal was made to him: it was what he had anxiously wished, but had been prevented, by delicacy, from proposing to the Count. He gladly embraced the plan; which the Count confirmed, under the stipulation,

that Robert should come back with Philip.

The Countess returned to the apartment, where she had left the veteran; who no sooner heard what the Count proposed, than he was obliged to retire to his seat, completely overcome with the goodness of his patron; who had, at the same time, sent money to defray the expences of his journey, with the particular injunction to be back in twelve days at farthest.

Matters were settled so far as related to the Count and Robert; but a very formidable obstacle presented itself, in the deficiency that would arise in the Chevalier's comforts, during the absence of his faithful Philip: such, indeed, was the rigid integrity of the old man, that he could scarcely reconcile a breach of the duty he had imposed on himself; notwithstanding the imperious dictates of paternal solicitude forced him to relinquish the pleasing task.

Philip allowed nature to prevail over all considerations: he undertook to provide some proper person to attend the Chevalier, (or, as he was called, captain Raymond) and promising to return as early as possible, affectionately took leave of his old commander; who suddenly requested to be furnished with pen and paper.

Some doubts arose within the old soldier's mind, as to the compliance of the jailor; who was not without difficulty prevailed upon to allow any writing materials to enter the prisoner's cell: nor would he, by any means, have acquiesced, had not the Chevalier declared, that he wanted only to write to his father confessor.

With some difficulty the letter was written; it was superscribed to father Anselmo, of the monastery of St. Gal. It was sealed very carefully by the Chevalier, who delivered it to Philip, with particular in-

junctions to give it with his own hand to that monk.

"Philip!" said the Chevalier, as the jailor retired to lock up a man just brought into the prison; "remember your promise!"

"'Twas the promise of a soldier!" answered the veteran with dignity.

Having carefully wrapped the Chevalier's letter in some brown paper, and tied it up in the piece of parchment along with his certificate, Philip quitted the prison in search of a nurse for the Chevalier.

With this intention, he went to a little auberge, at the entrance of the town, nearly opposite to the Chevalier's cell, and enquired for a person to undertake the office in question.

Several were mentioned, but, on application, none would have any thing to do with the prison, much more with the reputed Raymond; who bore so very bad a character, as the head of the Tirolese ban-

ditti, that, so soon as his name was announced, it created dismay.

The landlord was endeavouring to dissuade the old soldier from the attempt to procure a nurse, when a woman, of about thirty-five years of age, who seemed to have known better days, approached the porch at the entrance of the auberge, and, in the most pressing terms, besought the indulgence of a meal.

She appeared to be greatly fatigued, was quite wan with dejection; and, her meagre looks sufficiently indicated, that she had made many an involuntary fast.

The landlord gave her leave to sit down, and called for some bread and cheese, and a little small wine; for which the generous soldier offered to pay, but was not permitted.

Philip asked whither she was going?

"She could not tell; all places were alike to her."

"Had she any friend?"

She sighed!

"Was she married?"

She burst into tears, and appeared for a while convulsed.

"Would not this do?" said the landlord, winking to Philip.

The first considerations of humanity towards a distressed object, especially a woman, had absorbed every idea which did not tend to its relief: the question struck forcibly on his mind; and before he could collect himself sufficiently to answer the host, he had formed the whole arrangement completely to his mind.

The poor woman was in distress; she wandered almost without a sense of motion, in search of alms: she was therefore glad to accept the office, which Philip offered to her as a temporary asylum; assuring her, that, at his return from a short journey he was obliged to make, he would see her comfortably settled.

On being told she was to nurse a sick

person in the prison, she expressed some delicate exceptions, and trusted her benefactor would not place her any where that might affect her character.

"Oh, no!" said Philip, it is only to attend a wounded prisoner, the——"

The landlord stopped him from disclosing the name, or character, of the patient; giving him a significant look, and thereby reminding him of the objections that had been raised by so many in the town.

"Who, did you say it was, Sir?"

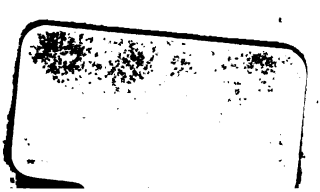
"The wounded prisoner; the gentleman whose name is not known."

Philip settled with the landlord for a small apartment, in which the poor woman was to have a snug little bed; also for her board, which he paid in advance for the ensuing week.

Finding the good woman refreshed, he took her over to the prison, where he introduced her to the jailor; after

which, she was led up to the Chevalier's cell, where they found all quiet; the prisoner being fast asleep, with his face to to the wall.

They did not disturb him, but retired: the good woman went to the room Philip had hired for her, while he proceeded to the Count's, where Robert had been waiting for him a full hour.

END OF VOL. I.

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